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Chapter 1

Most of this story will be in UK's Point Of View

My feet thudded on the ground as I sprint. I don't know where I'm going but I honestly don't care at this point. I just want to be alone. Everyone left me, everyone hates me. They've made that clear for sure.

My wife divorced me for another man. I would of been fine if it weren't for the way she had done it. She had been cheating. I hate to say it, but it was what happened. I confronted her many times but she denied it. One day she broke down in front of everyone shouting about how much of an awful husband I was. How I 'attacked' my kids and how I 'neglected' her. I have no idea where this came from but it did not end well for me. Everyone was toxic towards me because of all these lies my wife had said. I would of been fine if she had just talked to me about it. I would of understood what she had meant if she had just sat down and told me how she felt. But no. She has to act out a whole scene that makes me look like a horrible person.

My kids. They all left ages ago. France took the youngest by their choice and the other two had already left when they were old enough. Only one still talked to me but they haven't for a while now and I just couldn't help but think that I had lost someone else in my life. Why does that always happen?

Anyone I had the slightest relationship just leaves me. All I wanted was for someone to understand me. Someone to love me for me and not judge me for my past but for who I am in the present.

But the world is cruel. And that's not how life works. Life is unfair and at this point... I can't seem to find any point in it.

So I ran away.

I ran away from it all.

My legs ache in pain. I've been running for so long but I know if I stop I won't be able to run again, so I just keep on going.

The terrain is getting rough and I can feel it getting colder. I wish I had worn something else but all I wear is a simple polo shirt bow tie and trousers and I hold my top hat in my hand as it kept on falling off my head.

My face is wet with tears and the ever growing cold makes the tears sting my face. I don't really care. If anything, the pain there is a distraction from the pain I feel in my heart.

That pain always made me feel sick.

Before I know it, the ground is covered in snow. Running becomes a lot harder, especially with my normal black leather shoes.

It was that meeting that made me snap. All those countries just seemed to pick on me because of a decision I had made. I just wanted to leave so I could be alone. When I was with all of them... all they'd do is complain about me and how I run my country. I was just fed up with it and it was becoming too much to handle.

I tried reaching out to anyone but they either ignored me or didn't answer. I cried outside the building before picking myself up and just running away...

My legs feel weak and the cold is bitter and prickling my skin. Letting out a small cry, I fall down into the snow. My knees hit the cold white ground and I catch myself with my hands, slightly crushing my top hat. The cold instantly sends a cold tingling sensation throughout all the parts that had made contact with the snow. More tears fall down my face as I feel hopeless. I chuck my top hat away in slight anger.

I stare at the snow. I just think and cry.

What did I do?

Where did I go wrong?

How did I ever get here?

...

"Привет?"

Hello everyone! Welcome to the story!

For those of you that have read my other book, you may of noticed that I am trying a different writing style. Just wanna see which I prefer.

I don't want to talk as much at the bottom of the chapters as I do in my other book, which I'm already failing as you can see, so most likely it will only be the word count. Which counts EVERY word, yes, even my random author nonsense. Oh, and also the message I leave in every chapter.

*And "*Привет" *means* "Hello" *in Russian. I shall put translations-when needed-at the bottom of the chapters.*

As always, Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count: 806

Chapter 2

I look up from my position on the snow. I see a tall figure approaching me. They wear winter clothes consisting mostly of the colour brown and beige. A long coat and a ushanka upon their head. They wore thick black leather boots which helped them to easily trek through the snow. They were a lot more prepared for the cold snowy weather than I was that's for sure.

"Что ты здесь делаешь?"

The country asks as they walk closer to me.

I let out a small sniff and rub one of my eyes like a little upset kid before saying.
"I-I'm sorry... I know I-I should try harder b-but I only speak E-English and other languages of the B-British Isles..."

The country now stands closer to me and I can see their face. They wear an eyepatch with a hammer, sickle and star on it and their face consists of one bright red colour.

They sigh and roll their eyes clearly annoyed of what I just said.

"What are you doing here?" They say in a thick accent.

I actually kind of like the accent. I've never heard someone bare an accent quite like that before and I've heard a lot of accents being the 'dumb guy that can only speak English' when that is not entirely true. I can speak Welsh, Irish and Scots Gaelic.

I think about an answer.
"I-I'm not sure..." I say quietly and honestly.

The country just stands their looking at me still. Their eyes are that of a rare orange. Reminds me of warm fires and the glowing sun.

They seem to glow like a warm sun as well.

"You freeze to death out here in clothes like that." They say in a monotone voice.

"That wouldn't matter very much." I reply and look back down to the snow.

The country seems slightly surprised by my answer.

"I'm sure that's not the case. You seem like very nice country." He says still in the same monotone voice as before but with a slight hint of emotion.

I look back up to the country. My face stays blank but those words did have meaning to them.

"Thanks..." I say just as quiet as before.

There is a small awkward silence before the country speaks again.

"What is your name?" They ask.

"Well, I have a few but you can just call me Britain."

"You are the country everyone talked bad about?" They reply swiftly and almost surprised.

I nod my head sadly.
Great. Is there anyone on this earth that doesn't see or know me as a bad country.

"I don't see it." The country says.

I look at them in the eyes. "Really? Everyone else just seemed to take that as the real me..."

"They have no proof. No proof. No real." They say and shrug their shoulders.

I give a small smile. A gust of wind comes by and I only just realise how cold I actually am and shiver in the snow.

"What I say? You freeze to death in clothes like that here." The country says.

They let out a sigh before taking off their long coat. Underneath the coat they were a big beige jumper with different patterns in a darker shade decorating it. They walk over to me and crouch down as they wrap it around my shoulders. I stare directly at him as he does so. More in shock of someone doing a kind act for me. It's been a while since anyone had shown as much kindness as this. Once he's satisfied with how it sits on my shoulders he looks at me and we end up having around 20 seconds of awkward eye contact.

The country soon turns their head slightly away as they stand up. I grab the edges of the coat and wrap it around me.

"Put it on properly if you want." The country says as they watch me.

I stand up and slip my arms into the coat arms. I stand with my arms extended out either side of me. The coat is obviously too big. My hands barely make it to the end of the sleeves and the bottom of the coat goes all the way down to the ground.

The country stares at me in this oversized coat and when I realise they're staring I let out a little laugh. They seem to slightly freeze at my laugh and I feel as though I've done something wrong as always. That doesn't seem to be the case though as they give me a warm smile and I swear I notice a different shade of red on their flag. Maybe it's just a reaction to the cold. At least I would assume.

I give them a smile in return and I can already feel myself warming up. I spot my top hat that I threw and go to pick it up. As I pick it up it's all crumpled and the fabric is slightly ruined with the red ribbon ripped.

I let out a sad sigh. I just killed my top hat. I don't think anyone would of expected me to be the one to break the top hat I almost took everywhere.

I look to the side of me and flinch as I get a small fright. I didn't expect that tall country to just be standing there. The long coat gets caught under my feet and I stumble a bit. The country reacts

quickly and grabs my hand so I don't fall. I steady myself and let out another sigh.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you." They say guiltily.

"No, it's fine lad. I just didn't expect it that's all." I reassure them, adding on a smile.

I don't think I've smiled at someone this much in years and it's barely been an hour of meeting each other.

The country looks around at the landscape.

"It will be night soon, the sun is setting," They say. "You might want to head home now."

My stomach sinks at the words of home and I can feel my eyes starting to well with tears again. I can barely call that house of mine home... just hallways and rooms of emptiness and lonely memories.

"I... I don't really have a home at this point," I look around at the snow and evergreen trees. "And I don't even know which way is home..."

I feel the tears run down my face as I think about all my bad memories up to this point.

I feel a hand on my face rub away my tears. I look up quite surprised to see the tall country standing in front of me rubbing my tears away.

"Don't cry... we all have bad days and bad memories but the present is always more important." They say softly like they've had to tell someone this many times before.

It honestly calms me down a whole lot more. I take a sigh and stare at the country who stares back at me. I give another small smile.

"Thank you... actually I never got your name?" I say, ending in a questioning tone.

The country smiles back. "I also have a lot of names... but you can call me Soviet."

Hm, have another chapter as the last one was short.
I apologise for all the cringe my book may contain... I ain't no pro writer , but I'll try.

Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count: 1257

Chapter 3

I smile. "Well it's nice to meet you, Soviet."

"Nice to meet you too, Britain." Soviet says as he stands up straight again.

This country is quite tall I must say. I'm not exactly small, more average height, but Soviets height makes me feel short for once.

"You say you don't have a home?" Soviet asks.

I fiddle with my ruined top hat which I still hold in my hands. "I have a house but I wouldn't exactly call it home... it's more of a burden I can't escape if anything. I feel like I'm in a prison whenever I'm in the building..."

Soviet gives me a slightly confused look.

"It probably doesn't even make sense..." I say quickly feeling like I said something a bit stupid or was being greedy for talking badly about the house when I was lucky to have it.

"Нет, нет. I kind of understand." Soviet says. "You try to describe how it makes you feel but from the state you were in when I first found you, you obviously were dealing with something and weren't happy. So I'm guessing that's what you're trying to imply... you weren't happy."

"That's the simple way of putting it." I say with a slight nervous laugh.

Soviet raises an eyebrow. "Why were you not happy?"

I think about what to say. How do I explain something like that? It's probably a stupid thing and I'll sound like an idiot who can't put up with some bullying or that.

"W-Well..." I begin to say with a stutter. "I... I suppose it was a b-build up of many things... one after the other... I felt like I couldn't t-take a break, like something went w-wrong every second or someone w-was always disappointed in m-me... I felt... worthless? I sup-p-pose... and after a while... I just ran... I ran f-fast and far, I never w-wanted to see anyone there again..."

I make no eye contact with Soviet. I just stare at the snow. It's probably a stupid reason and this country most likely things I'm a crazy idiot or something...

"That doesn't sound nice. I understand why you would be sad" Soviet says. He pauses he seems to be thinking about what to say, almost seems nervous. "I get sad too, that's why I go on walks each night in the snow. Clear thoughts out my head. What I was doing tonight when I heard you. And ever since I've been talking to you, my sadness is gone. I think you are good country. Nice laugh and sweet voice, I don't see why anyone would be so disappointed in you."

My bad thoughts diminish when Soviet finishes speaking. I think about his words. He's helped me more than anyone. With all these emotions building up, without thinking, I swiftly hug the tall country.

"Th-thank you, Soviet." I said.

Soviet seems hesitant but wraps his arms slightly awkwardly around me. I can feel he's tense but he soon loosens up after a while.

I eventually let go of Soviet, although I instantly miss the warmth of the hug. It's really cold out I suppose.

"S-Sorry, that was probably really weird... I'm not good with other countries." I say with another nervous laugh.

Soviet shakes his head. "It fine, it took me by surprise but I suppose that's what I get for scaring you earlier." He says with a slight laugh.

I also give a small laugh. I feel a lot better now. I suppose I really did just need someone to talk to.

Once again Soviet looks around the landscape focusing on the sun. I do so too and the sky is a pretty pink due to the suns position as it sets.

"We should be leaving soon. Woods can get scary at night. To foreigners at least." Soviet says as he turns back to face me.

"We?" I ask.

"Да, you come with me." He replies.

I am honestly quite surprised by this. Why does he want me to go with him? I though I was just gonna have to use my survival skills, which I haven't had to do in a long time so I can't see it ending well.

"Really? Are you sure? And where too, if you don't mind me asking." I said.

"I am sure. You would be no trouble to me." Said Soviet. "I have cabin not too far from here. My main house is definitely too far, would take most of night to get there."

I nod my head. "Okay then. Thank you for your kindness, I really didn't deserve it."

"I am not usually this kind, you just seemed like you needed some type of help and it was an... enjoyable conversation, even though my English isn't best." Soviet said.

He began to walk in the direction in which the sun was setting and I ran a little bit to catch up before walking beside him.

"Your english is a lot better than others, at least from what I've heard." I said, looking towards Soviet as we walked. "You have a really nice accent with it too." I added on.

"Спасибо." Soviet said.

I don't understand what he said but I've always been told how much people hate it when I ask for them to translate it to English, so I just stay silent.

"That meant thank you." Soviet said looking straight ahead.

"Ah, well спасибо for translating." I say brightly.

Soviet lets out a small laugh. "Nice pronunciation, and you have a nice accent with Russian."

I give a wide grin. I've always felt bad about how my first language is English, at least other countries made it seem like a bad thing and so that eventually became my mindset. Everybody always became annoyed when they had to translate something for me. I've tried learning other languages but everyone just seemed to bring me down and it was quite hard. So in the end English, Welsh, Irish and Scots Gaelic are the only fluent languages I speak. It may not seem like a bad thing because that's quite a few for fluent speaking but they are not wide spoken languages so barely any other country knew them so that kinda threw that out the window.
So Soviets compliment made me happy. It was positive and not negative for once.

"I'll have to try and learn it at some point." I say, as I think about different things I could do to learn it.

"I can help with that." Soviet says.

I smile. "That would be great."

Soviet returns the smile. "Just let me know when you want a lesson. I've got some books in Russian too, they could help you learn the alphabet."

"Yes, that would help a lot." I say.

We continue to walk through the snow. Talking about random conversation filler questions like what's your favourite colour, book, food, drink, holiday place etcetera. More evergreen trees surround us as we get deeper into the woods.

"We know when we arrived once the trees begin to clear. You can see very nice view from cabin. Very calming." Soviet says.

The cabin sounds really nice from how he's described it and I could

do with a nice calming view.

"Well I'll be excited to see it." I say.

The rest of the walk is more silent but the scenery is really charming. Eventually the trees do seem to disappear as fewer seem to be around. We then seem to of come to the end of the woods as the trees no longer cover the area ahead of us. We appear to be at the top of a steep hill. Soviet was right about the view. The sun can be scene directly forward of the end of the forest. The light from it shines off the snow giving an almost magical feeling to the winter glow. Like Soviet said, a wood cabin can be seen. It's decently big for what I expected it to look like. It seems far from a small one, it looks big enough to fit and house an entire family inside. It has a porch with a porch swing. You can't have a porch without a porch swing, and with an amazing view like that outside the cabin how could you not put a comfy seat so you could look at it?

"Woah." I mutter.

"Mhmm, very beautiful." Soviet says as he walks towards the cabin.

I follow behind him, staring at the view. Soviet reaches into his trouser pocket and pulls out a key. He unlocks the cabin door and opens it, walking inside; not bothering to shut the door behind him. I also step into the cabin.

The cabin is very home like. It has a stone fireplace where two sofas sit and a rectangle glass table between them. There is a TV above the fireplace. There is a bookshelf in the corner of the room with many different books of size, colour and language. A soft carpet lays on the wooden flooring and further back into the cabin to the left seems to be a small kitchen but resembles more of a bar with a few tall chairs sitting around a Long Island. To the right is a door to another room which I would assume to be a hallway with a bathroom and bedroom(s).

"Wow Soviet, I didn't expect a big cabin like this." I say as I look around the big room.

"Use to be family cabin, we would come here when going on small

holiday." Soviet said.

He crouched down by the fireplace getting it set up for a fire to burn.

"You have family?" I ask as I walk over to one of the sofas and sit down.

Soviet pauses for a little bit. "Yes... we don't talk much now. I had kids, adopted..... and a Husband. They got sick, my husband, tried hard to fight it but no use. Haven't really seen or talked to each other since his death." Soviet says.

I slightly freeze and tense up. That's a lot of information to take in. I didn't expect a response such as that. Soviets a father and gay, or bi, or pan, whichever he identifies as, but I didn't expect that. The story seems so sad. I feel a lot of guilt for the poor country.

"I... I'm sorry for your loss, Soviet." I said. "It can be hard loosing someone but I hope it doesn't stop you from being an amazing country." I say as supportingly as I can.
I feel a bit awkward, as I've never been too great with all this sentimental stuff.

"It's okay... long time ago now and thanks for your compliment. Was sweet." Soviet says.

I let out a slight sigh of relief and give a small smile. "No problem, you did the same for me."

Soviet eventually gets a fire going. Satisfied he stands up and sits on the sofa opposite me.

"You have family?" Soviet asks me.

I also sit in silence for a bit.

I take a breath in. "I had a wife and kids. Two younglings and two older. My wife divorced me for another man she had been cheating with through lies of me neglecting her. My kids... I haven't seen the younglings in ages and only one of my older sons still talked to me, the other refusing to do or have done anything with me. But now

I've lost any contact with any of them at all..."

Soviet stays silent. He almost seems hurt by one of the things I said but I don't fully know.

"I um... I'm sorry about your... wife." Soviet says, it was almost as if it was hard for him to say the last part. "And I understand what it's like to have your kids not talk to you or do anything with you. It's sad, but like you said, can't let it stop you from being amazing."

Soviet gives a small smile which I cannot decide is real or fake. I don't know if their is a way of describing a mixture of both but if there is, then that's what that smile is.

I return the smile. I don't know why I feel so awkward in this situation. Well, that's kind of how I feel in every situation it just seems... different? In this situation.

"You can take off the coat now, if you want. There's a coat hanger by the door," Soviet says as he points to the still open door. "And I don't know what you want to do with your hat."

"Ah, yeah, thank you." I say and stand up.

I walk over to the coat hanger. There were a few other coats on it too. I put my ruined top hat on one of the pegs. I take off the long coat which proves harder with its long sleeves. I hang it up on a peg close to my top hat. Once I'm done, I look outside the open door.

The sun had set and stars already decorated the sky and a crescent moon was present. The snow still shined as the luminous moonlight danced on its surface.

"Very pretty at night too."

I slightly jump at Soviets voice and he laughs at my reaction.

"That's the second time today." I say with a slight laugh myself. "And it is very pleasant at night." I add on.

"You can sit outside and look if you want." Soviet said.

"But I just took the coat off." I say, knowing it will most likely be cold outside.

"Mm, good point but that doesn't really matter." Soviet said. "I could sit out there for ages without a coat."

"Yeah well you're a snow guy I'm a rain guy." I say.

Soviet lets out a sharp laugh. "Rain guy?"

"Well yeah, I can stand out in the rain for ages without a coat because it happens so much in my country I have become immune to the annoyance of it." I quickly respond and cross my arms.

Soviet chuckles. "Okay, okay, I didn't mean to laugh it just sounded... stupid."

I would usually be mad if it was anyone else but Soviet just feels different and the laugh he bares is quite contagious, I would say.

"I do suppose it sounded a little dumb." I say with a chuckle.

Soviet slightly chuckles as he speaks. "Well, 'Rain guy' are you coming outside with me then?"

I cross my arms again and put on one of my posh voices as. "Indeed 'Snow guy' I think I quite fancy that."

We both slightly chuckle.

We walk outside and it is quite cold as I assumed but not as bad as when I had been lying in the snow and wasn't in the best state. Me and Soviet both go and sit on the porch swing as we stare at the night sky.

The stars shine and flicker brightly in the darkness. The moon shines brightly illuminating anything under its presence.

As we sit on the porch swing I think about today. It started off so horribly and I felt as through it was one of the worst days of my life. But as I sit here on the porch swing, next to Soviet...

It probably turned out to be one of the best days.

Hope you enjoyed this chapter.
Stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word count: 2589

Chapter 4

I open my eyes slowly and rub them when I see the light of the room.

Wait?

What happened?

I blink a few times until my eyes adjust. I sit in a bed with the same clothes I had yesterday. The room had a bedside table with a lamp on it. There is a chest of draws and a mirror not so far away from it in the corner of the room. A painting of a beautiful lake hangs on the wall near the bedroom door.

Did I fall asleep last night? Well that was kind of a dumb question, of course I did, I just don't remember being so tired.

I stand up out of the bed, still a bit tired. My shoes are placed near the door. I never took them off last night when entering the house, which I admit was kind of rude of me, so I can only assume someone took them off for me.

I open the bedroom door. As I suspected yesterday, it is a hallway with four doors down it including the one I walked out of. I assume that three are bedrooms and the other will be a bathroom.

I walk down the hallway and open the door at the end of it to be greeted by the same room as yesterday in the wooden cabin. As I shut the door behind me and walk towards the sofa and fireplace I see Soviet already sat down on the sofa deep in thought. He sits on the sofa facing away from me and so I decide to get my revenge for him scaring me yesterday.

I sneak up on him with ease as I've always had light footing and never made that much noise when I walk. It was a good tactic to

have when fighting someone. I tip toe closer to him.

Once close enough, I grab onto his shoulders while shouting really fast, "Saved your life!"

Soviet jumps off the sofa but doesn't scream. I practically burst out laughing at his face.

"I'm sorry, I just, I saw the opportunity and took it." I say in between laughs.

Soviet looks annoyed before shaking his head and smiling.

"You got me. I'll give you credit for that." He says before chuckling slightly himself.

Soviet sits back down on the sofa and I go and sit on the opposite one.

"Did I fall asleep last night?" I ask Soviet.

Soviet nods his head, his flag going to that different shade of red I saw before. My eyes just must not be used to the bright colour of his flag and so it's changing colour in the light. At least I assume.

"Да, we sat on bench for about half hour when you slowly fell asleep. Took me a while to realise too." Soviet said.

"Ah, so you also took me inside and put me in one of the bedrooms?" I ask.

I get a slight feeling in my chest as I ask this. I mean, we are only acquaintances so it's a bit embarrassing to think of Soviet carrying me through the house so that I could sleep in a bed. But I suppose that could be seen as a sweet thing... I'm not too sure.

"Um... да," Soviet said, appearing quite nervous himself. "I carried you to bedroom and I didn't want the covers to be dirty so I took your shoes off... but only shoes, never clothes, that would be rude and weird..." Soviet seemed to stumble on the words as he talked.

It almost makes me obtain his nervousness or I certainly feel

something that makes me anxious.

"Yeah, yeah, I trust you not to. It's nice that you took me somewhere warm and didn't just leave me on the swing outside... I suppose." I say a little unsurely.

"Well I would need to because you no snow guy you a rain guy, you not live in that kind of cold." Soviet said with a chuckle.

I let out a giggle and Soviet freezes like the first time I laughed.

Please don't tell me that was the wrong reaction to what he said.

I hope I didn't mess that up, this guys been the one person I've had an enjoyable conversation with in months. The last one being with my son that randomly stopped talking to me. The last thing he said was 'love you' before hanging up. That seems to be the award winning word for when disaster strikes me. Whenever someone says they love me, they leave me. Meaning they lied. And so far... everyone has lied...

"Well thanks for letting me stay somewhere warm in the first place." I say to Soviet hoping to start a conversation again.

I don't know why I just kind of crave to hear his voice. Have I really not talked to someone properly for so long that I crave to hear other people's voices?... but then the torturous meetings I went to make no sense.

"No problem, like I say, you nice guy. It has been nice to have company for once." Said Soviet.

"Same here. Guess we both are lonely guys." I say with another nervous laugh.

"I suppose so..." Says Soviet, not making eye contact as he seems to be thinking of something else on his mind.

It's silent for a few minutes before Soviet speaks again.

"Want some pancakes?" He asks.

"You have pancakes?" I ask excitedly like a small child.

Soviet smiles at my reaction and nods his head. "Да, this cabin always has ingredients ready for pancakes. Favourite breakfast food in my family. Even if we don't come here anymore as family, just me when... feel sad, I guess."

Oh not more of the sad talk, I'm not good with advice for sad people, especially when it's off the top of my head.

"Well now there is someone here to enjoy some delicious pancakes with." I say.
I didn't know what else to say. My mind really only has two thoughts, the main one being pancakes.

"I suppose that's true," Soviet said and he stood up off the sofa. "I get them ready."

Soviet then walks to the kitchen that resembles more of a bar and begins to search the cabinets for all the stuff.

I stay sitting on the sofa. I fear if I get up and attempt to help that I'll set something on fire. I'm not the greatest chef, well I can make food that tastes good it's just... the making part. Let me in a kitchen and by the time I'm finished it will look like a bomb site but hey, got some cake from turning it into a bomb site so whom can complain?

I take the time to look at some of the paintings on the walls. They're all based outdoors capturing the beautiful nature. Some focus on flowers and their vibrant colours. Others have a body of water with luscious green trees or animals, such as deer, drinking from the water or sometimes the painting contains both. Some paintings capture old buildings and ruins wrapped in the vines of nature. All very bright and fascinating paintings.

"Pancakes done!" Soviet shouts.

I quickly hurry over and take a seat on one of the tall chairs. Soviet puts a plate in front of me which has two of some of the most perfect pancakes I've seen. My mouth is left agape in awe.

"Theses are perfect pancakes!" I exclaim. "You must be a really good chef, Soviet."

Soviet sheepishly smiles. "Not exactly manly but it make me happier when baking, especially with my sweet tooth, so I have time to practice." Soviet says.

He sits opposite me on the bar-like island and begins to eat his own pancakes. I begin to eat mine. At first I thought whom would eat a pancake without toppings but Soviets pancakes are so sweet I don't think they need any. I get through the first one quickly.

"These are really good, Soviet." I compliment Soviet.

"б-благодарю вас." He says.

He seems so distracted as he says it. I really wonder what's on his mind. He's been thinking to himself the whole I've seen him so far, really carefully contemplating his thoughts. It makes me a bit unsure and I would like to know but don't want to come off as rude so I won't ask even if it's going to kill me wondering what's on his mind.

We both finish our pancakes, I wish there was more but it seems like there was no extra mixture. We were silent for most of the time eating and the air did feel oddly tense. Just something about Soviet makes me... nervous? I think it's probably his size. Even if I'm a good fighter myself his height would very much be intimidating and I can only imagine what he could do with the muscles he's got on him...
Well that was a weird observation, Britain.

Did I really just think that? Well of course I did, but... why is the question I guess.
I don't feel threatened by Soviet. I usually only notice the strength of someone when feeling threatened. But I just seemed to instantly spot Soviets strength. How could I not with those-
Britain, please stop thinking about the muscles.
But they are quite impressive.
What am I even saying.
I don't know at this point.

But you do know that Soviets got some-

"Britain, you okay?" Soviet asks me.

I stop thinking and come to full attention. My eyes almost instantly travel along Soviet before finally reaching his eyes in which I feel very awkward.
Dumb brain making me do these things.

"U-um yeah, just thinking." I say slightly nervously.

Real smooth, Britain, real smooth.

Soviet has a look of concern and curiosity.

"What you thinking about, it seems to be stressing you." Soviet asks with a raised eyebrow.

Think of an excuse, think of an excuse, think of an-

"Just thinking about your... kindness, it's really been making me feel better with what's been happening back where I was... it causes a lot of anxiety in me."

I have no idea if that was a good save or not.

That same shade of red reappears on Soviet. "O-oh, well it was nothing really. You kind country yourself, made me feel happy with your compliments on my pancakes."

Thank lord, I have no idea what was going through my head before, but it was like another side of me deep down coming out. A side of me I didn't know I had... if that makes sense. It certainly didn't make sense to me.

"Well, I can't not compliment them when they were that good." I say with a smile, my nervousness slightly creeping away.

Soviet gives another one of his sheepish smiles. "I'm happy you like them so much."

I nod my head and take a quick look around the cabin wondering if

there was anything I could start a conversation on, although my mind was pretty distracted still being confused on what happened.

"So um..." I start to say.

I catch Soviets attention and he waits for me to continue.

"What do we do now?" I ask.

Soviet thinks for a bit.

"We could go on walk, drink, have conversation... um... I realise there isn't much to do now." Soviet says.

"Hmm, well a walk sounds like the nicest option and it also includes having a conversation so that's two in one." I say.

"It doesn't have to be two in one, I have drinks we can take with us." Soviet says, raising his eyebrow.

"By drinks you mean alcohol, right?" I ask.

"Um yeah, was that not the right English?" Soviet asks in reply.

"Oh no, it was, I just wanted to make sure as I'm not always the best with alcohol." I say a bit nervously.

"Mhmm, how bad?" Soviet asks me.

I think a little bit before answering.
"Well, depending on the beverage I can be good with it or bad with it. Whisky and beer, I can chug many of those before getting badly drunk. Other drinks, they're good but get me drunk quickly which kind of sucks." I said. "I don't know why this is the case but it is."

"I see, well I don't know if I have whisky or beer. I have Vodka because I'm very stereotypical but just generally enjoy the drink. I can check, though." Soviet says standing up from his seat.

"Um, if you want to take some drinks then that's fine with me. I don't really mind." I say with a slight shrug of my shoulders.

"Then we go on walk with conversation and drinks." Soviet says.

"Okay!" I say cheerily.

I stand up from my seat as well. Soviet is already going through a small fridge. It seems he was right about there being vodka. The only over alcoholic drink in the fridge is a bottle of white wine.

"Just vodka and I don't drink wine unless for good reason." Soviet says as he lifts a few bottles out and puts them on the countertop.

"That's okay, either I just won't drink or have a tiny bit but sometimes the taste is what gets me drunk." I say with a nervous smile.

"I know what you mean." Soviet replies. "Also, I don't have any spare clothes for you, mine would all be too big or my kids would be too small so I hope you're okay just in that outfit."

I take a quick glance at my ruffled clothes. They need a good ironing and now that I see that it's going to be annoying but oh well. Thankfully they dried from being wet in the snow yesterday so that won't be an annoying factor.

"Yeah I'll be fine in this." I say. Then I recall my shoes. "Although, my shoes won't help walking in the snow."

"Mmm, good point." Soviet says with a hand on his chin as he thinks.

"I bought my eldest snow boots that were way too big for them, terrible father thing I know, but they might fit. I think we still have them as I was just going to wait until they grew into them but we don't talk now so can't have them go to waste I suppose. I'll see if I can find them to try." Soviet said.

He walked off to the front door and opened a cupboard which had shoes neatly layer along the floor and first shelf, while the other shelves had boxes on them. He looks along the row of shoes.

"Aha!" He says as he reaches into the cupboard.
"We do still have them."

I walk over to Soviet and he hands me the snow boots. They do indeed look like they should fit me. I walk over to the sofa and sit on it as I put the snow boots on. I fit in them no problem.

"Yeah, they fit." I say and look up to Soviet.

"Good, you can wear one of my shorter coats as well and we can then leave." Said Soviet.

"Cool!" I say happily and smile.

"Y-yeah." Soviet replies and he quickly turns away from me and walks to the coat hanger, slightly covering his face.

I watch as he picks a shorter coat off the coat hanger. The coat is a darker grey but still has the same warm and fluffy looking material as the coat Soviet gave me yesterday which he also picks up from the coat hanger. It must be his favourite winter coat to wear. He walks over to me and hands me the grey coat.

"It still might be big but the bottom of it at least won't be dragging on the floor." Soviet said as I took the coat.

"Okay, thank you." I say and begin to try the coat on.

Just as before, the arm sleeves are a bit long and the coat almost stretches down to my knees.

"It's still just as big as before but it will certainly do." I say, looking at Soviet in the oversized coat.

"I go grab drinks then and we leave for walk." Soviet said.

"Yeah." I confirm.

He walks over to the bar-like kitchen and grabs four bottles. That's a lot. Especially if I decide not to have any on this walk. I might just have to drink some out of fear for Soviet.

"That's a lot." I say with a bit of concern as Soviet walks over to me.

"Don't know how long we'll be walking for and I've had more

before." Soviet said with a shrug of his shoulders.

"If you say so..." I say.

We both walk to the cabin door. Soviet opens it wide and I can already feel the cold air on my face. Soviet steps out into the snow and I follow after him. Soviet shuts the door and we begin to go on the walk.

Hmm, it's getting interesting. Hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Stay safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word Count: 2860

Chapter 5

I walk next to Soviet as the snow crunches under our feet.

"It really is beautiful out here." I say, admiring the trees and glow of the snow.

"Yeah, it is." Soviet agreed.

"So, what do you want to talk about?" I ask, looking towards Soviet.

He turns to face me as well.

"Um..." Soviet thinks for a bit. "I can't really think of anything." He says, rubbing the back of his neck.

I think for a bit too. "Why did you help me?" I ask after a while.

"What do you mean?" Soviet responds.

"Why did you help me when we first met, I just want to know why... as I can't think of a reason for it." I say.

Soviet thinks about what to say. "Well at first I saw you as someone entering my territory. I hadn't been in contact with anyone for a long time so I was cautious, I suppose. I saw you and I didn't feel threatened, I just saw someone who looked..... like they needed help or comfort from someone. I felt like I could relate to your situation of feeling lonely and... yeah, you were nice and I felt like I should help." Soviet finished.

I look towards Soviet who is looking ahead, not making eye contact. I didn't quite expect an answer like that.

"Well... I'm glad for that. Talking to you about my problems, even though I'm sure I bored you, really helped me. So thanks." I say to Soviet.

Soviet has a small smile on his face. "No problem. And It was never boring talking to you, I haven't talked to someone for a long time... I actually think the last person I talked to was my husband..." Soviet added on.

"Wow that's really long," I say surprised. "I'm sorry, Soviet."

"It's okay, you've actually taken it better than other people have..." Soviet said with a nervous laugh.

I get that same tight feeling in my chest.
"Better about what?" I ask.

"About me being... Gay." Soviet said almost embarrassed.

I feel like thousands of thoughts went through my head but they were too cloudy for me to even see or remember. That was a weird sensation. Again, something I just don't understand.

"Ah, I understand. I just treated you how I would want to be treated. There is a lot of homophobia in the world and I don't always understand it." I say to Soviet. "And no need to be embarrassed about it, you should be proud. It's a brave thing to openly say and be, although it shouldn't take that much bravery. It should be as normal as it raining in Britain." I add on.

I generally just replied with how I felt on the situation. I understand that there is still homophobia in my country and that there is a noticeable inequality because of this, but I hope to change this one day... although learning about it to understand how to make it better in my country, it's strange how most don't know until they find that one person.

"Thanks, Britain. That's about the best thing I've heard in a long, long time." Soviet said.

He had a generally happier look upon his face yet the blush from his embarrassment still remained there. Oh it's blush that's been on Soviets cheeks this whole time. But why was he blushing? I still assume it to be from the cold, blushing is a way of showing body heat so I think that's what was happening.

We both walk in silence again but I stop. Soviet stops as I do and looks at me confused.

"Why did you—?"

"Listen." I interrupt him.

Soon enough the footsteps of a moving animal can be heard in the snow ahead of us. I walk forwards but Soviet grabs my arm. I give him a confused and slightly annoyed look.

"It could be dangerous animal." Soviet says quietly.

"Have you never seen a deer before?" I ask nonchalantly.

"I have—"

"So you just haven't seen them enough to know what they sound like in the snow."

"I don't see how anyone can know that."

"Yeah, well I like deer. I find them to be very beautiful animals and you get a lot of them in the northern part of my country." I respond. "Plus there has clearly been deer here, they've taken the bark off the trees." I add on.

Soviet seems impressed. "You sound like you know your stuff, but what if you were wrong and it is dangerous animal?" Soviet asks me.

"I'll just have to rely on you to protect me." I reply.

With that said I walk slowly towards the sound. The wind is blowing a direction that the deer won't pick up our sent, so that's a stroke of luck. If it is a deer of course but I'm pretty sure it is.

As I walk closer to the sound, sure enough, I find a stag. It still walks along through the snow unaware of me.

I stand next to a tree and slightly lean against it as I watch the stag.

I feel hands on my shoulders and look up above my head to see Soviet right above me peering over my head looking at the stag intently. He looks like a small child finding a deer for the first time, which is cute. He is so focused on the stag. I look back to it as well. I count the points on its antlers.

"4...5...6..." I mutter under my breath. I count the other antler and their are six points on there too. "It's a Royal stag." I say louder and look up proudly to Soviet still standing above me.

He looks down at me and we are almost instantly in a super awkward situation as our faces end up being too close for comfort. I would move away if it weren't for the fact that Soviets reaction to becoming embarrassed was to grip tightly onto my shoulders and I was right about his strength earlier on, as I am held in place.
What do I do, what do I do, what do I do, what do I- Just look away Britain, you bloody idiot!

I look down at the snow, relieved to be out of that situation. I don't know why it was so nerve wrecking, it just was. My emotions have been confusing me so much and I'm becoming tired of it.
Soviets grip completely looses on my shoulders and I let out a slight sigh. The snow then crunches next to me. I look to my right to see Soviet just sitting down in the cold snow.

"You're gonna get really cold from that." I say as I straighten my back up, recovering from what just happened.

"Yeah but I'm 'Snow Guy'." Soviet replies as he looks at me with a complacent look on his face.

I let out a small giggle before sitting down in the snow next to him. I feel him tense up slightly. Must still be embarrassed. The snow is cold but I ignore it for now.

"You're gonna get cold." Soviet says looking towards me again.

I look back at him. "Yeah well snows made of water and comes from the clouds and so does rain meaning I, as the 'Rain Guy', can cope with it." I respond with the same complacent look Soviet gave me before.

Soviet rolls his eyes before giving a small smile. He looks in front of him at the deer which is now moving further away from us as we noticed it. There must not be many people coming here for the deer to be that calm.

"I guess that doesn't make us much different." He says as he watches the deer.

"I suppose so." I reply watching the deer as well, as it walks into the distance while we sit next to each other in the snow.

Well we're getting somewhere.
Expect chapters often (for now) as I use Wattpad to procrastinate on school work—

Stay Safe and...

Have a nice life!

Word Count: 1355

Chapter 6

Me and Soviet stayed sitting in the snow for a while.

We talked for a long time. Most of this time was spent making each other laugh. Soviets got a great sense of humour.

At one point, Soviet had grabbed his vodka bottles. After a little bit of staring and when I decided that I was actually thirsty, I took one of the bottles. This is vodka. I've never been good with vodka. I get so easily drunk off the stuff I just don't understand it.

We're still sitting in the snow talking to each other and I've finished the first bottle. Because of already drinking the first one and enjoying the taste of the it, I wanted another one so I took a second bottle. I knew it was a bad idea, however, because my mind already felt a bit blurry. Soviet seems perfectly fine and he's had two bottles. I definitely think I'm becoming tipsy, though.

I giggle stupidly at a lot of the things Soviet says. I think he's come to realise my state but doesn't seemed bothered by it.

"My heads a bit sore." I say tiredly.

"I'm not surprised," Said Soviet. "you said you weren't good with drinks."

"I am not drunk!" I say childishly.

I'm totally drunk.

Soviet chuckles. "Yes you are."

I cross my arms. "Nope! I'm not!"

Soviet shakes his head and begins to stand up. "I think we need to head back to cabin now."

"But it was fun talking in the snow." I say sadly.

"Mhmm, you want stay and sleep out in snow or head back to warm cabin with nice bed and hot chocolate."

"Hot chocolate!" I shout and stand up quickly.

"Yes, hot chocolate." Soviet says, clearly enjoying this.

"Okay, we can head back." I say.

"Okay, Drunk Rain Guy." Soviet reply's as he picks up the empty bottles and my second bottle which still has a bit in it.

"I said I'm not drunk." I moan to Soviet.

"If you say so." Soviet says.

Soviet then does something I have never seen before. He holds my still slightly filled bottle high up above him he angles it in a way that the liquid falls out and he drinks it all without touching the bottle to his mouth.
Soviet catches me staring at him.
"I don't want waste it, but I don't want to be gross." He says and shrugs his shoulder as he places the empty bottle in one of his inside coat pockets.

"How many pockets do you even have in there?" I ask.

"Enough get me drunk." Soviet says.

By that I think he means he has so many pockets he could fit enough bottles in the coat to get *him* drunk. But my drunk brain doesn't understand that right now.

"Now let's get back to cabin." Soviet said and began walking.

How does he know which way he's going? Does he know the entire woods or something?

I stumble a bit after Soviet. Soviet notices and slows down, waiting for me to catch up.

"You really weren't lying about the drinks." Soviet said.

"I'm not blooming drunk." I say grumpily.

Soviet looks at me confused.

"It's a british thing that I can't explain right now because my head is too fuzzy." I reply.

Soviet nods and continues to walk. He walks slower than before for the sole purpose of making sure I can keep up and so he doesn't loose me. We get on fine and are making a decent distance. I'm becoming increasingly tired though.

"Did we really walk this far?" I slightly mutter.

"Mhmm, it just seems longer to you because you're drunk." Soviet replies.

I give Soviet an annoyed look. "I'm not drunk!"

"Okay." Soviet says, knowing fine well in his head that I am drunk.

"Damn the vodka. I'm bloody tired." I complain.

"Want me carry you?" Soviet said.

I couldn't actually tell if he was being genuine or joking.

"Um... Yes?" I say confused.

"Okay." Soviet says.

Oh he was serious-

Wait he was serious—!

Soviet picks me up bridal style.

"I know this is bridal style but it's easiest way to ca-Goddamn, I forgot how light you are." Soviet says as he picks me up.

I feel so embarrassed in the current position and my face heats up due to it. I think I was already blushing though, due to the alcohol making me tipsy. I am a bit scared that Soviet might drop me so I

cling onto the man.

"I've never felt so ashamed... I apologise... but this is so much better than walking right now." I say dizzily.

"No need apologise, I... Um... it's... er... it's fine." Soviet stumbles completely on his words.

I was listening but wasn't quite paying attention to the words. I was paying attention to his voice though. It soothes me in a way.

I lean tiredly against Soviets chest. If I was sober right now...

Well, if I'm being fully honest, I don't think I would change anything or act different. It's nice to feel calm and cared about for once.

Ah yes, wholesomeness.
Stay safe and...

Have a Nice Life!

Word count: 874

Chapter 7

The walk was blurry to me and I can't really remember it but we eventually got back to the cabin. Soviet got to the door of the cabin. I was going to get ready to be put down but Soviet just kicked the door wide open.

"The door was open the whole time?" I ask.

"I don't usually lock door. No one else lives out here or takes walks round this area. Very isolated." Soviet replies, walking into the cabin.

He walks over to the sofa and places me down on it.

"Sorry I'm like this." I say disappointedly, putting a hand to my dizzy head.

"No, no, it's fine. It was funny experience." Soviet says. He said something else but he muttered it and I didn't hear it.

"I didn't hear the last part?" I say to Soviet.

"Oh! Just me talking to myself." Soviet replies and scratches the back of his neck.

"Oh okay... can I have that hot chocolate now?" I ask Soviet.

Soviet chuckles. "Yes you can. I didn't think you'd actually remember."

"How could I forget about hot chocolate." I reply with a smile.

Soviet walks to the bar-like kitchen, I assume to make the hot chocolate. I stay laying on the couch. I think to myself about what's happened. It's been crazy really. I was in a state of so much stress and negativity, I ran away from my so called home, I met a stranger

who helped me and now is looking after me like I'm family. That's crazy. And... the stranger is so sweet and makes me laugh more than anyone else ever has, they have a voice that calms me down, and a heart kind enough to look after the idiot I am.
Drunk thoughts, huh. You think them and they are either just really blurry or you don't remember them...

Soviet comes back over to the sofa and I happily sit up crossed-leg on the sofa. Soviet smiles and hands me a mug filled with the warm chocolate delight. This time instead of sitting opposite me on the other sofa, Soviet sits next to me like we did in the snow. He has his own mug with hot chocolate too.

"It hot so-"

I take a big sip of the hot chocolate no problem.

"How the heck did you do that?" Soviet questions me with surprise.

I turn to look at Soviet with a sort of look a show-off would give.

"I am the country of rain and tea. I've drank so much hot tea, I'm immune to the heat of any hot drink." I say and take another sip of the hot chocolate.

Soviet stares at his hot chocolate. He rises it slowly to his mouth and ever so carefully takes a sip. He immediately brings the mug down as he burns his tongue and has a slight look of regret on his face.

I can't help but giggle loudly at Soviets face. He looks at me with an annoyed expression before just shaking his head and smiling at me giggling.

"It takes a lot more practice than you'd think." I say to Soviet with a slightly goofy smile.

"Да. I see that now." Soviet says in a jokingly annoyed tone.

"I'll give warning next time." I say apologetically.

"That would be nice." Soviet says and blows his hot chocolate to

cool it down.

I must have such a wired taste. Going from Vodka to hot chocolate. I don't regret it though, that's for sure. The warm feeling hot chocolate gives you as you drink it is very comforting. Almost like my tea! But sweeter. Unless you dumped the whole sugar jar into the tea, of course. I *totally* haven't done that before. And it *definitely* wouldn't be on purpose if I ever did happen to do it.

I continue to sip my hot chocolate while Soviet still tries to cool his down. He eventually takes a sip and is satisfied with the temperature, continuing to take a few more sips.

At one point we make eye contact with our cups at our lips. We just sort of stare at each other. I don't know what's really happening but it's certainly... something... just looking into his fiery amber eyes as the light shines in them, it sends my stomach spinning. But why? I don't understand. Am I still drunk?

I eventually look away. I don't really know how long we just stared at each other but... I feel... I don't even know. Awkward? Happy? Scared? I don't really know, a mixture of all three of those emotions I suppose.

I hold the cup of hot chocolate in my lap and gently tap it with my finger as I think. I take a glance to Soviet and he also looks away from me appearing to be thinking deeply to himself again. I let out a quiet sigh. I feel like the world around me doesn't even make sense anymore.

"You know, for someone who gets drunk so easily you recovered really quickly." Soviet said.

I turn to face him and find him staring at me again. It causes my stomach to get a sinking feeling.

I ignore the feeling and slightly chuckle. I balance the mug of hot chocolate in my lap and lift both my hands up "Magic" I say with Jazz hands.

Soviet also slightly chuckles at this.

"I'm not actually sure though. Still feeling a bit... confused." I say. Even though I have no idea if the confusion is general or actually from the alcohol.

"That probably just means you're becoming aware of things." Soviet says and sips his hot chocolate again.

There is a small silence before I speak.

"Sorry about the awkwardness of slightly drunk me." I say with a nervous shrug of my shoulders.

"It was fine. You act very child like when drunk, was quite funny and cute." Soviet said with a chuckle.

I kind of freeze at the fact he called me cute. I'm many things but cute isn't one of them. I would lose my temper with anyone else as I would see it as offensive, but Soviet... just seems different... but I'm still not cute.

"I ain't cute." I reply.

"Oh, seems like I hit sensitive spot. Well drunk you is definitely different to normal you." Soviet said.

"I can't argue with that." I say and sip my hot chocolate. "And I'm just not use to compliments concerning how I look." I say with no eye contact.

Soviet looks like he's thinking about more things after I say that.

"Soviet, you think to yourself a lot. Is anything bothering you?" I ask him, more just out of curiosity.

Soviet seems a bit surprised before becoming slightly nervous.

"Н-Нет, I just... get easily distracted with my thoughts..." Soviet said with a stutter.

I'm not fully convinced, but I'll let it slide for now, I guess.

I look into my cup, one more sip and then no more hot chocolate.

Sad. I take the last sip before leaning forward, slightly off the sofa, placing the mug gently on the rectangle glass table. I go back to sitting crossed-legged on the sofa. I turn to Soviet to see that he also has his mug placed on the glass table in front of him.

"Finished too?" I ask him.

"It's not empty, just making me feel a bit sick with sweetness." He says with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

I let out a small yawn.

Soviet smiles. "You yawn like little child too." He says jokingly.

I give him an unimpressed look. "I do not act like a small child!" I say and cross my arms grumpily.
I then realise I just acted exactly like a child.

"Okay, maybe I do." I say with a giggle.

Soviet just chuckles at my giggling.
Damn, why do I have to act so childish compared to him. I thought I was the posh adult type. Maybe it was just a mask that I didn't even realise I was wearing... now that's a deep thought.

"I think someone needs to go to bed." Soviet says and shuffles on the sofa so he sits crossed-legged as well and closer to me.

"What? Are you my parent now?" I ask in a 'you don't control me' manner.

"I've practically adopted you at this point." Soviet replies.

"I—..." I think about it for a little bit. "Damn, that's actually kind of true..."

Soviet just lets out a chuckle and I soon join him. He has a nice laugh. I can't help but laugh with him.

"You are tired though." Soviet said.

I suppose I am tired, but I kind of want to sit and talk to Soviet

more. I enjoy talking to him. It makes me feel happy too.

"Maybe, maybe not." I say shrugging my shoulders.

"Britain." Soviet said with a 'seriously' look.

"Fine I'm tired, but I like talking," I reply in a childish way. "I hate that you made me realise how much I act like a child now."

Soviet chuckles and I manage to hold back my giggling to prove that I'm generally annoyed.

"Okay, we can talk more... but what would we be talking about?" Soviet asks.

I think. Nothing.
"Well now that you've said that it's a lot harder to think of something." I whine. "Goddammit." I mutter at my childish voice.

I can see Soviet hold back a laugh.

"You are enjoying this so much right now." I say with another unimpressed look.

"Да. Да I am." Soviet replies with a slight smirk.

I shake my head.

"You're enjoying it a lot more than I am." I say.

"Well that is slight lie," Soviet said. "You were giggling too."

"Yeah well that's because you have a nice and contagious laugh." I say defensively.

A small bit of blush appears on Soviets face. Guess the guy is flustered by compliments, that would explain a lot.

"Does that mean I can make you laugh at any time?" Soviet asks me curiously.

"Unless I generally don't want to... yes. I suppose you can." I admit.

Soviet smiles.
"Good. I like seeing you happy."

What?

I...

That's... that's so sweet...

And his smile...

I can feel myself blush. No,no,no. I hate embarrassing situations like these. Compliments always get to me but never as much as that.

"T-Thank you... I-I like seeing y-you happy too." I stutter, barely thinking about anything. I'm still processing what he said.

Soviet seems to blush more.

I guess we're both weak with kind words.

"Heh... You know... I'm glad I met you, Britain." Soviet said out of nowhere.

I can feel myself fill with confusion. What is happening to me right now?

I look up to Soviet. Don't you dare stutter Britain.

"I'm glad I met you too." I reply.

Nailed it. Now let me die inside.

Soviet gives me a warm smile.

"I'll put away mugs now." He says and stands up from the sofa, grabbing the mugs, and then heading to the bar-like kitchen.

As he walks away I fall backwards onto the sofa and stare at the ceiling.

I'm just tired. I tell myself...
I *think* I'm just tired. I tell myself again...

I *have* to be tired...

Then Soviets face appears out of nowhere above me and I practically have a heart attack. I jump up so I'm sitting on the sofa again instead of laying down.

"Woah, woah, I'm sorry. Why do I keep on scaring you like this." Soviet says.

I look towards him and realise I'm clinging onto his arm like a scared child. Soviet didn't seem to notice until I did but he hardly seems to bothered by it. I slowly let go.

"It's okay... but I think something is going to go terribly wrong because of these scares one day." I say with a nervous laugh.

Soviet lets out a small chuckle. "Yeah, by the looks of it."

I hum in response. I'm becoming quite tired now. I lean back against the sofa tiredly. Soviet sits down next to me and does the same thing. I look towards him and he looks towards me.

"You are tired," Soviet says. "You should go sleep. In bed this time, at least."

I groan annoyedly. I can't be bothered to when I could just sleep here. I look away from Soviet, facing the other way.

I can feel him get closer to me as he says. "I will carry you to bedroom if you don't move yourself."

That sent chills through me. I shift uncomfortably as I turn to face Soviet. Putting on a bolder expression I respond.

"That's supposed to make me move? It barely seems like a threat."

"So you'll have no problem with me picking you up bridal style again and carrying you to bedroom to tuck you in because of the cute little child behaviour you have."

I stare Soviet down and he does the same. I grip onto the sofa nervously. He sounded almost... No, It's my mind playing more

tricks on me. It is just the alcohol or something more reasonable.

"I said I'm not a child and I'm far from cute." I say in a strict tone, trying to raise my authority to some extent.

"Oh, but to me you are." Soviet replies.

What-
I'm... I'm just drunk. I'm just tired. And those two things are playing tricks on me. I don't understand. I'm so confused. My emotions and thoughts are spiralling. I just don't—

Without another word Soviet quickly stands up and picks me up again. I clutch onto the country out of surprise and the fact of the war going on inside my head making me so anxious but I soon loosen up. I almost feel calmer.

"I said I'd pick you up. I keep my word so don't be surprised." Soviet said as he walked towards the door leading to the short hallway with the four other doors leading to different rooms.
We get right in front of the door.

"Open door for me, please." Soviet said.

"What?" I ask stupidly.

"My hands full but you aren't holding onto anything, well you're clutching onto my shirt, but you can easily let go and open door."

I loosen my grip on Soviets shirt once he said that, out of embarrassment, but I still slightly hold on for fear that he might drop me if I don't hold myself up a little bit as well.
Britain, you know he won't drop you with those mus-
Shut the hell up brain.

"C-Can't you just p-put me down?"
Why do I have to stutter...

"Hmm, nah, I'm good carrying you."

Slowly, I reach for the door handle and turn and push it open.

"Спасибо." Soviet said.

"No problem." I reply.
Big problem with my emotions and brain though.

He carried me through the hallway to the room I woke up in today.

"Same thing?" I ask as we stop at the door.

"Да." Soviet replies with a smile.

Damn his smile. I turn and reach out to the door handle and do the same thing.

"Спасибо." Soviet says again.

"Yeah... no problem." I say tiredly.

Soviet walks over to the bed. He stops for a while, just holding me next to the bed. I look up to him confused but before I can see his facial expression he throws me onto the bed.
I yelp in surprise as I fall down onto the bed. Soviet laughs at the side of the bed and I look towards him annoyed.

"Your Yelp-" Soviets laughter interrupts him. "Was adorable—" Soviet continues to chuckle.

I look away from Soviet. Cute? Adorable?... I am not... I am a grown country. I just tend to have the personality of a child time to time. It happens when I get excited or I see something I like, can you blame me for that?

I'm too tired for all this. I fall backwards onto the bed and look at the ceiling. Soviets laughter stops and I'm tempted to look other to him but don't.

"I suppose I'll leave you to sleep now." Soviet said.

I look over to him at that point and he stands by the bedroom door holding onto the handle.

"I just want to say sorry for my... behaviour." I say to Soviet. "It was

probably all weird for you..."

Soviet takes his hand off the door handle to fidget with the cuff of his jacket.

"It was fine." He says, taking a few glances around the room but never directly towards me.

"Goodnight then, I suppose." I say a bit awkwardly.

"Yeah, night." Soviet says and he opens the door and walks out the room.

I let out one of the biggest sighs ever in my entire life. What the hell happened today. A whole ton of things thats what. I can't even think about all of them without my stomach feeling like it's on a rollercoaster.

I. Am. Just. So. Confused. Right. Now.

I shift in the bed tiredly. I still wear the coat Soviet gave me for today. It's so warm and comfortable, I don't feel like taking it off. Instead I tiredly snuggle into it. Then I realise I'm gonna have to make the effort of getting off this bed and turning the lights off.

"... W h y..." I say to myself.

More wholesomeness, we're getting somewhere.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count: 2930

Chapter 8

Soviets POV

I sit on the side of my bed. I fiddle with my ushanka that I hold in my hands as I think. I can't sleep with all these thoughts in my head. This country... Britain... I don't quite know how to process it. I think... I... I don't really know... He's so bright and heartwarming. He can be childish and that makes me laugh, which isn't entirely a normal reaction for me. He's different... Unique. He has one of the most wonderful smiles... And laugh. God, his laugh... I haven't really seen or felt that about a country in a long time... Emotions are just confusing.

It's just that... He's straight, isn't he?... I think. He seems to get quite flustered but I would assume he just gets embarrassed easily. That's what I thought at first, but now I'm doubting myself... Or it's just that I can't accept that fact, and hope that in some kind of way, it isn't true...

Come on Soviet. You haven't even met each other for *that* long. It's just... My husbands passing... I had refused to move on and my kids were annoyed by it. I didn't want to try and be with anyone else, I didn't feel like I could ever meet someone that would make me smile again. My kids gave up on me and I almost gave up on myself... almost.

Then I met Britain. A country who had experienced something like me. Loosing someone you loved. That feeling of loneliness and helplessness. He... just something about him that day... his smile, his soft blue eyes, I couldn't believe what went through my head. But then he did it, he made me smile, he made me happy. For the first in a long time and now... just seeing him makes me happy. I feel the need to make sure he is okay and happy himself, I don't want him going down the route I almost went down. He doesn't deserve that.

My thoughts are interrupted by the sound of crying.

Curious, I get up from my bed and walk to the door. I put my ushanka on my head and I open the door gently and quietly walk into the hallway as I listen for the crying and follow its sound. As I had thought, it leads to Britain's door. A large amount of concern grows in me and I open the door.

I find Britain sitting up in bed crying. It's still dark in the room and I can't see that well.

"Britain, what wrong?" I ask the crying country.

He still cries but has switched to sniffling so he can speak. Hearing his sad cries pains me. I don't want to hear the cheery country I have befriended cry. I know it didn't hurt me this much when I first met him and he was crying.

"I-It's nothing of y-y-your concern, S-Soviet. Y-Y-You don't need t-to w-worry about m-m-me." Britain stutters.

I frown, unhappy with the answer. I walk over to the bed. Britain's body movements suggests an uncertainty in me walking over to him. I gradually get to the edge of the bed.

"But I am concerned." I say facing Britain. "You are like young child, fragile and so I develop concern."

Britain's crying slightly calms. He seems more confused if anything.

"I..." Britain mutters.

"But I would understand if can't talk about it. My kids would get upset in night too and it would be ages before they would tell me why." I say recalling the memories of it.

How did I calm them down?
Oh yeah, I remember.

"I-It's fine... um... if you really want to k-know I... I" Britain tries his hardest to form the words. "... I have n-nightmares of people l-leaving m-m-me... I just, have a fear of b-being alone I guess... b-but... they scare m-me because... because they're t-t-true... everyone I've e-ever met just l-leaves m-me..." Britain says with more tears.

I've never had to deal with such an emotional country as Britain. It makes me sad to see him sad. He begins to go back to crying again. I am going to try to calm him down like my kids.

"Hey." I say as soothingly as I can and I reach for the lamp on the desk at the same time as reaching for Britain with my other hand. My heart beats fast as I know this will be awkward but I do so anyway.

I turn on the lamp and the room lights up. I can finally see Britain's sweet face, with tears occasionally streaming down his cheeks. I put my hand against his cheek and I begin to rub away the tears. To avoid making this super awkward I don't look directly unto Britain's eyes but rather just near them but nether direct eye contact.

"I understand feeling of loneliness and it is horrible feeling." I begin to say with more emotion than I've ever really used before. "But I," for my point to be made I finally make eye contact with Britain. "Am right here. I have nowhere else to go because when you aren't with me I myself am lonely. So if you feel that way ever again, I will be here."

I am having a heart attack right now. I've never been so sympathetic and the slight awkwardness this situation adds does not help.

"Soviet..." Britain says. We still keep eye contact. "I needed to hear those words. Thank you... for being here and... being so kind."

I gently smile. "No problem."

I take my hand off Britain's cheek as I begin to move away but he quickly grasps onto my arm.

"I-I... please d-don't leave." Britain says with a genuine sound of fear in his voice. His eyes are open wider too.

He must have a hard time dealing with separation. I'd imagine he probably grew up with that, separation that is. I wonder why he wanted to be alone when I met him then? Was it because... seeing the countries that left him caused him too much pain? He felt he

could only cause something bad to happen which led to that country leaving him? That sounds like it could be the case.

"Okay, I won't." I say and this time sit on the side of the bed.

Britain still holds onto my arm but he slowly loosens his grip before fully letting go. Phew, I don't think I could of coped with that contact. Wait... that makes no sense with me carrying him... you know what, I am weird... oh well. It was nice.

"Th-Thank you, a-and sorry." Britain stuttered with a weak smile.

"No need apologise. We all need someone from time to time." I say, fiddling with the covers of the bed next to my thigh. "You going to go back to sleep?" I ask him.

He seems to think about it carefully before giving his answer. "I-I'm tired, I suppose but... I'm scared if I go back to sleep, I'll see it all happen again..."

I hum and nod my head.

"Well, seems like if that case I'll be here for a while so..." I say. I then get onto the bed fully, go next to Britain and sit up so my back leans against the backboard of the bed.

Britain looks uncertain in his own thoughts with my actions.

"I just want be comfy." I say nonchalantly to Britain.

"Y-Yeah." He replies shakily.

He sits up in the bed as well. We both stare at the ceiling for a little bit, in our own thoughts. I wonder what Britain's thinking about.

"You feeling better now?" I eventually ask and look towards the British country.

He continues to stare at the ceiling as he answers. "A bit, still a bit shaky I guess. But thanks for putting up with me."

I frown a bit. I don't like this sad Britain. I know it never bothered

me as much when we first met but that's because I had never seen the beautiful happy side he has.

"You no seem very happy." I say, not really thinking about what I say just focused on getting happy Britain back.

Britain looks over to me at that point.

"There isn't too much to be happy about, is there?" He replies.

"There is, we can just forget them in stages of negativity." I replied.

"That's true." Britain says quietly.

He's still not happy. Maybe...

"You think I could get you smile?" I ask Britain fully turning towards him.

"W-what?" Britain stutters.

"Are you ticklish? You act like child so must be ticklish." I say towards him.

Britain looks a bit panicked.

"Soviet, don't you dare-"

Too late.

I begin to tickle the country. He tries to hold back laughter but eventually he can't hold it in.
There's that beautiful laugh.
Soviet you weirdo.

"S-Soviet-... P-Please Stop." Britain barely manages says.

I am hesitant but do stop. Britain begins to take deep breaths as he calms down. He holds onto his stomach before falling over onto his side exhausted from the laughter.

"I...I will... Punch you... if you do that again." Britain says in between breaths.

I slightly chuckle knowing that he probably couldn't hurt me that much even if he tried.

The chuckle seems to annoy him. He sits up, having caught his breath, and he promptly steals my ushanka.

"Hey!"

I go to reach for it but his hand stops me. He slapped me right in the face trying to stop me getting my ushanka. He holds me in place. He actually is strong, I did not expect that from his small figure. Maybe he's just small for me because of, well, I'm tall. But it's slightly misleading with his women like figure, not that women aren't strong they're stronger than many men in this world, but they tend to be smaller than men, usually. Britain definitely matches it though, he's even got the curves-
Soviet... now's not the time to be analysing the qualities of this man. Especially that.
But literally, he's got some curves.
Please... Just stop being gay right now.
Well keep being gay as in 'happy' but...
You know what just stop thinking, Soviet.
Maybe stop breathing while you're at it too.

I eventually stop trying to grab the hat from Britain as he seems to effortlessly hold me in place. We both are on our knees facing towards each other. Britain looks at the ushanka.

"It's so fluffy." He whispers like a child, sounding almost excited, and smiles happily while stroking the fur of the hat.

Why is this man so damn cute sometimes. He's honestly bringing it upon himself when I call him cute and a child.

"Why did you steal my hat?" I ask him.

Britain looks towards me.
"Why did you tickle me?"

"Because I wanted to see you happy." I respond nonchalantly.

Britain slightly freezes.

Haha, he thought he was being smart but I got him.

"I took your hat because you tickled me and that laughter was practically forced. You also laughed at the idea of me punching you because you think I couldn't possibly be strong." He says defensively.

He's obviously got a slight tsundere side to him. He's just not used to taking compliments or people saying nice things about him, I suppose.

"Fair. You got all the points." I respond and shrug my shoulders.

Britain continues to inspect the hat.

"It's a big hat." He says twisting it around in his hands.

"For you." I say.

Britain looks at me as if asking for permission and I nod my head. He then puts on the ushanka. It is too big for him and it sits lopsidedly on his head. The fluff of it covers some of his face.

"Yeah, it's definitely too big for me but it is so fluffy." Britain says attempting to straighten the hat but is unsuccessful.

I happily smile at the sight of him. He seems so interested in something so simple, mainly because it's fluffy. He is comically adorable.
Please stop having these thoughts. It won't happen. He is straight. How can you even fall for someone so fast...

Britain looks at me looking at him, that same awkward eye contact we always seem to be put into. Britain smiles awkwardly. He moves closer to me and takes off my ushanka placing it back on my head.

"You look much more better in it than me, though." He says.

I'm not entirely sure what the meaning behind that was, but it was a compliment that made my stomach flutter, that's for sure.
Stop, Soviet, stop. You're just going to let yourself down falling in love again.

I just haven't met someone so perfect in so long.
Just. Stop.

I let out a small nervous laugh. "I'm sure that's not the case." I say.

Britain lets out a nervous laugh like mine. "I barely look good in anything except a tight suit... been wearing them for years." Britain said almost distantly.

I'd like to see him in a tight suit. Tight.
Why the... I hate myself.

"Well you suit that jacket." I say ignoring my thoughts and pointing to the jacket Britain is still wearing.

"Oh yeah... I forgot I was wearing this... and thanks, I guess." Britain says staring down at the jacket.

"No problem." I say.

I then move in the bed again to the same position- leaning against the backboard. Britain does the same next to me. I glimpse towards him and he looks tired.

"Britain, you need to try and sleep." I say to him concernedly.

"I..." Britain sighs. "I am tired, I do admit, but I'm still... anxious." He says.

I frown again but don't want to seem too pushy with it. "Okay... I understand. Take your time."

Britain smiles tiredly in thanks and I return the smile.

We sit in silence staring at the ceiling each in our own thoughts. I think of what we could talk about but doubt myself each time and end up staying silent.

Then something hits my shoulder. I turn to my side and see Britain passed out lying on my shoulder. Guess the tiredness eventually caught up to him.

I go into full on silent panic. I don't want to wake him, he needs the sleep, but I think I might have a heart attack if I'm stuck like this for too long. It's like when your cute cat falls asleep on you and you don't want to wake them. In this case I have a British adult, child-acting male asleep on me.
And they are just as cute as a cat.
I hate this side of me. Seriously comparing him to a cat?
Cats are cute. You think he is cute. Voila! Cute like a cat.
I hate that that makes sense to me and that it's freaking true.

I reposition myself so I can move the sleeping country. I gently hold onto him and move away while doing so. Once fully out of the way, I carefully lay him down on the bed.

I let out a sigh of relief.

I can't leave the room, though. I don't want him waking up scared again.
I have a small argument in my head before coming to a decision.

I grab the blanket of the bed and wrap Britain in it more, making sure he can at least rest well. I leave the room to go and find a chair.
I grab a smaller blanket, I find a wooden chair and I grab a cushion. I set up the chair in one of the corners of the room. I set the cushion on the chair so it's softer. I sit on the chair and put the small blanket over my legs.

There. Now I can make sure he's okay the rest of the night.

I hope I didn't make Soviet sound like a creep, he just wanted to look after the scared country.

Also hey yeah, me who realises they made a mistake in their grammar since Soviet wears an eyepatch but proceeds to say 'eyes' instead of 'eye'. Expect more stupidity like this from me in grammatical errors, usually to do with plural things and punctuation.

I shall never understand the dreaded semi colon (;) so don't expect that in the story.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count: 2773

Chapter 9

Britain's POV

I slowly wake up. As I open my eyes Soviet is not there and I slightly panic. Did he leave? Please no, I can't deal with loosing the one person that actually cares for me. I quickly sit up in the bed clearly panicked only to see Soviet fast asleep on a chair in the corner of the room. I let out a sigh of relief. Thank god.

I slowly get out the bed. I am really warm so I finally take off the grey jacket and just chuck it onto the bed for now.

The clothes I still wear—my polo shirt, bow tie and trousers—are pretty ruined but I don't really care. I probably will later on when I'm less tired but for now I can't be bothered to care.

I walk over to the sleeping Soviet. Even though he sits on a chair he manages to almost be the same height as me, the top of his head reaching the same height as my chin. That doesn't include the ushanka. Seriously, how did he get so tall? What did he eat? Does he exercise? Is he gifted in just having a handsomely perfect body?
Oh, so now we're calling him handsome, are we brain?
Can't freaking deny it-
Shut up.

"Soviet." I say gently to the country.

He doesn't move.

"Soviet." I say a bit louder and pat him on the head.

Still doesn't move.

God, is he dead or something?
I hope not, but just to make sure.
I go and grab one of the pillows off the bed. I get into position and hold the pillow back before swinging and hitting Soviet with it.

Soviet lets out a small gasp as he falls off his chair and onto the grey carpet floor.

"Oh Soviet, are you okay?" I ask a bit concerned.
I didn't expect him to fall off the chair.

Soviet looks towards me a bit grumpy. "Yes... I am okay... but~"
Soviet smirks as he grabs a pillow next to him. I didn't realise he had a pillow on the seat. He then hits me with the pillow and I stumble back but too far and my legs hit the bed and I fall backwards onto it, letting out a small yelp in doing so.

Soviet chuckles.
Oh, it's on.

I grab onto my pillow tighter and stand up swiftly going for another swing. I hit Soviet in the chest and he stumbles a bit.

"We're gonna do this, are we?" He asks.

"You bet." I reply.

We then both swing at each other with the pillows. We both land many hits and knock each other over a few times. I manage to block some of Soviets swings and he manages to do the same with mine. It's a full on pillow war.

We both laugh and I sometimes do my stupid child giggle that I can't control and it always gets a louder chuckle out of Soviet.

Eventually we both end up getting tired. We both breath quite heavily from the intense pillow fight. We make eye contact in our tired state and both laugh.

"That was fun," I say happily. "But I'm quite exhausted now." I slightly chuckle.

Soviet chuckles as well. "I can agree on that."

"What even is the time?" I ask.

"Um... I'll go check clock." Soviet says before heading to the door.

I quickly follow behind him. I'm still a bit scared to be left alone right now.

We walk through the small hallway before entering the main room of the cabin. It really is a gorgeous cabin. I've always loved the feel and look of wooden cabins. They look so charming and cosy and they really are.

"Clock on wall." Soviet says and points to the clock.

I look at the clock. 1:37pm (13:37)!

"Well, we certainly slept in." I say a bit surprised.

"Да, you want something eat?" Soviet asks me.

"Yeah." I reply happily.

Soviet heads to the bar-like kitchen. I am still slightly unsettled at the thought of him leaving, even if I could still see him from the sofas if I sat down, I just feel the need to be close to him. It makes me feel at ease and that feeling has usually been a hard one to come across for me.

I sit at one of the chairs and watch Soviet begin to grab the ingredients and equipment.

"I make pancakes again. This alright?" He asks, turning to face me in my seat.

"Yes, yes!" I say excitedly. I love pancakes too much at this point.

Soviet chuckles and starts... erm... cooking. I'm sure there'll be some technical word for the specific steps he's doing... I think at least. Don't get me wrong, I like cooking stuff, I just can't do it properly? Give me a basic recipe, I'll read through it nine times, then proceed to just wing it. I'm not one for following recipes correctly, so why not just do a bunch of stuff until it works. Yeah... this is why no one lets me in a kitchen by myself.

I can bake... bake? Or cook?... there's certain ways for certain things, isn't there? Oh well, let's just go with bake. I can bake some

good scones, crumpets, cakes—... oh wow, I'm so damn stereotypical, dammit. But I can bake them really good... you know what, screw stereotypes, they're some of the only things I can bake that don't end up *too* disastrous and I enjoy baking them so, yeah, I can bake what I want.....screw it—they also taste bloody delicious.

"You put out plates for me?" Soviet says, as he begins to put a pan on the stove.

"Uh, yeah, sure." I say uncertainly.
Just try not to destroy the kitchen, it is a simple task so it should be easy.

"Thanks, cupboard at end there." Soviet says and points at the cupboard.

I get off my chair and walk over. I open the cupboard. I shakily grab a plate and grab another placing that on top of the one I already had. I repeat in my head to not drop the plates as I stand up. I carefully walk over to where I was sitting and put the plates down. I let out a sigh.

"Why you so paranoid by it?" Soviet asks me.

I didn't think my nervousness was that obvious.

"I'm not too great in a kitchen." I say with a nervous chuckle.

Soviet raises an eyebrow. "What you mean by that specifically."

Curious country, isn't he?

"I mean by, tell me to make something like scrambled eggs and then leave me alone, you'll come back to some beautiful scrambled eggs but a kitchen in pieces as I will of turned it upside down trying to figure out how on Earth you make scrambled eggs." I say, completely serious.

Soviet looks at me a bit in disbelief and I don't really blame him for that.

"As simple as scrambled eggs?" He asks sounding slightly confused on how someone could cause that much disaster in something so simple.

"Yep, as simple as that." I say, a bit embarrassed at Soviets disbelief.

Soviet shakes his head. "I'm gonna have to teach you how to cook."

That said alone makes me nervous. "I-I don't really think that's necessary." I say.

"It fine. You can help me with the rest of pancakes," Soviet says. "I didn't get that far anyway, only just finished putting ingredients in jug."

"In a jug?" I ask.

"Makes it easier to pour the mixture."

"Oh." I mutter.

"Now help whisk it." Soviets says and pulls me over. "You know how whisk?" Soviet asks.

"Um, yeah... I do." I say unsurely.

"Good." Soviet hands me a whisk to mix—or whisk—the ingredients, I presume.

I stare at the whisk.

"A whisk? not a spoon?" I ask slightly confused. I would of thought a spoon would be used for this...

"Yes. Now you whisk." Soviet says.

I hesitantly grab the jug. Wouldn't a bowl make it easier? I awkwardly begin to whisk the ingredients with the whisk. Soviet looks over my shoulder and it makes me feel uncomfortable. Am I doing it wrong?

"You are doing it too slow, that's stirring not whisking." Soviet says.

So I am doing something wrong.
There's a difference?
My brain can't take this right now, I need it all extremely simplified.

"Uhh." I just freeze a bit embarrassed and uncertain.

Soviet then grabs both my hands.

"Like this" he says.

He stands close behind me as he he puts everything how it's meant to be. He moves the bowl to a slightly tilted angle with my left hand and he positions my right hand with the whisk in a more easier way to hold. He begins to help me whisk it.

I silently watched as he holds onto my hands and guides me through it. He does it with ease. I can feel his presence quite close to mine so he can see over me and make sure that he's doing it right himself. We're both silent as this goes on.

I focus on how Soviets showing me how to do it and then start taking slight control of it as my confidence grows. Soviet begins to notice this and slowly lets go as I keep on whisking. As he fully lets go a small smile falls on my face as I do it myself. I can do it by myself!
I happily continue, proud of myself.

"That should be good enough." Soviet eventually says.

I take that that means to stop, so I slowly do so. I turn around and smile happily at Soviet.

"Thanks for helping me with that." I say.

"No problem, you did a good job." Soviet replies.

I feel so happy about being praised for once. It's nice to have positive feed back.

"Now we pour mixture in pan." Soviet says and grabs the jug.

He pours the mixture into the warm pan, like he said, the jug seems

to make the pouring a whole lot easier. He stops when the pancake gets to a certain size.

"You can watch me do this one, then copy." Soviet says to me as he grabs a spatula.

"Okay." I reply, but my confidence slightly dips.

I watch Soviet carefully. Step by step.

Once he's satisfied he takes the pan over to the two plates I put down and he tilts the pan and the pancake slides all too perfectly onto the plate. How does he do it so amazingly, and off the top of his head too!

I carefully grab the jug. It's heavier than I thought it ought to be and I shakily carry it other to the pan. I hold it up slightly and slowly pour the mixture onto the pan. The mixture sizzles as it hits the hot pan and it makes me slightly nervous.
Please don't mess up, Britain.

I wait until it looks about the same size as Soviets before stopping. I sigh in relief.

"Good job." Soviet says encouragingly.

"Thank you." I reply and continue to do what Soviet did.

I focus a lot. I really don't want to mess this up. Soviet does help me at times and gives me words of approval and encouragement and it really helps.

I'm eventually happy with the pancake and hold onto the pan as I take it over to the plate. Don't mess up now. I carefully try to put the pancake onto the plate like Soviet did but it doesn't move from the pan. I give the pan a bit of a shake and the pancake flops out onto the plate. Phew. I take the pan back over and place it down over the stove.

"Great work, that was good for what I presume your first time?" Soviet says, ending in a questioning tone.

"Well, first time with me doing most of the steps myself. But I still needed help from you with it." I say honestly.

Soviet nods his head. "I'll do another two quickly and you can sit down again, if want."

"Um, yeah." I say.

I walk over to the chair I was in and sit down on it. As I go back to my thoughts I only now just realise how flipping embarrassing that actually was. I feel quite flustered now. Not only did I look like quite dumb unable of cooking a simple recipe, but Soviet had to help me in ways you would help a small child. Why am I so much like a small child? All it does is get me embarrassed.

It's just... I've never really had a problem with this child side of me before. I've never really shown it in front of anyone or realised I even had a childish side, up until meeting Soviet. He's just managed to get me to open up really easily. I guess that is what I wanted anyway, or needed. Someone to open up to and talk to and Soviet was the first one to let me do that without judgement but with an actual caring and understanding. Huh, I guess I'm quite grateful for that.

My thoughts are interrupted by Soviet putting a pancake on the plate in front of me.

"Done with pancakes." He says and sits down in the seat opposite me with his own plate with two pancakes on.

Guess I was oblivious to how fast Soviet was with making the pancakes, too distracted by my own thoughts.

"Great!" I say happily. "Thanks for making them."

"You helped." Soviet replies.

"Barely." I say.

"That's part of how learn, help with little things so you can then work on big things." Soviet says towards me.

"That is true." I say with a smile towards Soviet.
He has a lot of wise things to say. You wouldn't expect it from the way he appears. Full of surprises I suppose.

"Can we eat the pancakes now, though?" I ask, not wanting to be too rude and just start eating them.

"Да." Soviet says.

I excitedly begin to tuck into the sweet pancakes.
They almost taste sweeter this time.

Hope this is a good chapter because inspiration kind of left me on this one.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word count: 2399

Chapter 10

Me and Soviet had both finished the delicious pancakes. I don't think I'll ever get bored of them, to be honest.

Soviet began to wash the dishes. There were other dishes already in the sink, so I offered to help, but Soviet denied after I nearly dropped my plate and I don't blame him for that. I can be so clumsy sometimes.

I walk to the couch and sit down. I'm feeling a bit more comfortable now being away from Soviet after not wanting to because of... nightmares.
I dislike nightmares on another level. Everything about them is horrible. I don't really see a point behind them.

Then again... the nightmares tend to get into my head too much. They make me think things I probably shouldn't, as it wouldn't lead to a healthy outcome... and the nightmare I had has been making me think these things again.

Soviet finished cleaning and walked over to me on the couch and sat down next to me.

Guess we've become close enough to not feel too awkward when siting next to each other. Makes me think back to the snow and that awkward moment when Soviet held onto my shoulders... and we looked into each other's eyes... Soviet had an entrancing fiery orange eye, it's quite beautiful.

"You seem deep in thought." Soviet says.

I come out of my slight trance and smile at Soviet.

"Got a lot of them these days." I say.

"Me too." Soviet slightly mutters.

We're both silent for a bit.

"Soviet?"

"Mhmm?"

"Am I... a nuisance to you? Sorry if that's a strange question I just feel you've done so much and that I'm just bothering you, y'know." I say nervously.

Soviet shakes his head.

"You are far from nuisance to me." Soviet begins. "Having inviting you to somewhere stay I've learned about you and that you are such interesting and funny country... childish too, but you've done nothing to bother me." Soviet says honestly. "Except smack me in face with cushion." He adds on jokingly.

I lightly chuckle at that.
"Yeah, sorry about that. I didn't expect you to fall off the chair, as well." I say.

"I was too surprised at force that hit my face to keep any balance." Soviet responds.

"I'm not that strong." I say in reply.

"You're stronger than think." Soviet says and looks towards me. "and come off." He adds on.

I slightly squint my eyes at him.
"You're implying I'm small, aren't you?"

"Well, um, yeah but I'm tall for average aren't I?" Soviet says quickly.

"I'll except that excuse." I say. "But my surprising strength also means that I would of totally beat you at the pillow fight if we didn't stop." I tease.

Soviet stares at me quite strictly at those words.

"Really now?" He asks with curiosity.

"Mhmm." I reply confidently.

Soviet thinks for a bit before replying.

"Well, you could never beat me in snowball fight." He says.

"I'm sure I could come close." I reply.

I think my confidence is getting to me but I just want to show off after what Soviet said. I know I am small, but it doesn't mean I'm weak.

"Want see then?" Soviet asks standing up.

"Sure." I say and stand up myself.

I'm generally excited to have a snowball fight. That's on my childish side. I'll probably be crushed by Soviet, but spending time with him is fun.

We both walk to the door.

"Oh, I should get the coat." I say.

Soviet nods and I go and run back to the small hall with the bedrooms. I enter the one I'm staying in and quickly grab the coat off the bed. I slip it on while running back.

Soviet stands next to the coat hanger putting on the same coat he's worn each time he has been outside.
He looks up to me as I finally stop by him.

"You seem excited." Soviet says with a slight smile.

"It's a snowball fight, of course I'm excited." I say in that childish voice again.

Soviet just chuckles and turns to the front door of the cabin, opening it wide. Soviet walks out first and I follow.

The ground is still layered with snow and the breeze is cold on my face.

"Here are gloves. Keep hands warm." Soviet says and hands me a pair of red ski gloves.

He already wears a black pair.

"Thanks." I say and quickly put them on.

"Be ready." Soviet says and begins walking back, setting a distance between us both.

I already set up a small plan in my head.
Right now, we're in the open, so we're both easy targets for the other. I'll see what Soviets got and if it gets tough, I shall move into the forest that sits a little farther behind the cabin. I'll use the cabin as defence when going into the forest as well.
It's just since the forest then has trees to hide behind.

Soviet crouches down and begins making snowballs in the snow. I did so too as soon as I saw him start to go down.

I make four quick snowballs. They're not perfectly round but they're decent enough. I look up and find Soviet already looking up as well.
We both stand up and stare the other down.
Who'll make the first move?

Soviet takes his arm back swiftly and throws a snowball towards me. I move to the side out of the way. He has good aim.

I have a shot myself but Soviet dodges my attempt as well.
Hm, if we can't land a hit from far away we need to get closer.

(*I kind of don't want to bore you guys since my writing is feeling a little dry, so I hope you don't mind if I slightly skip it and just summarise.*)

The snowball fight continues to raise in intensity as the fight fully begins. Me and Soviet both land hits on the other although Soviet is starting to get more hits on me. He's obviously learned my strategy which isn't good in my case.
Even if he's learning how to win against me, I'm having fun.

I continue to try but Soviet continues to succeed. He has almost on point accuracy and he is beginning to easily dodge my throws.

The snowballs are starting to make me cold and Soviet managed to hit me in the back of my head which sent snow down the back of my jacket and that was not a nice experience.

Soviet goes to make a snowball and I take this chance and run to the forest.

I go near the cabin so Soviet can't do one of his impressive long-distance shots and hit me. I make it to the forest and hide behind a tree.

I crouch down and try and make a few snowballs.

"This will be interesting." I hear Soviet say, which tells me he followed me into the forest.

I quickly step out from behind the tree. I lock onto Soviet who doesn't stand behind any trees and throw a snowball. It hits him in the chest.

He slightly steps back in surprise.

"Indeed it shall." I say with a smile.

Soviet smiles back and begins to aim. I begin to run and Soviet throws the snowball.
It misses and hits a tree.

I stop as I hear it do so and throw a snowball back at Soviet. Another hit.

"Oh, just wait till I learn tactics of forest." He says looking towards me.

I smile and then hide behind another tree.

The trees are now an important part in the fight. They're either your friend or enemy.
Me and Soviet continue to laugh as the fight goes on. It may be

obvious that Soviet is a lot more experienced in snowball fights, he is the 'Snow guy' after all, but I still try and it proved to be a lot of fun.

Eventually Soviet starts to get even better.
I'm struggling to land a hit and dodge Soviets throws.

I run as Soviet aims again but then one of the most stupidest things happens, straight from a horror movie.

I was too focused on where Soviet was aiming to notice a root sticking up out of the snow that I trip over.

I fall into the cold snow and kind of give up. Laying on the floor, I realise how tired I am. I guess I've been running a whole lot.

I sit up and turn around and Soviet stands above me, snowball in hand.

"Did we jump into a horror movie or something?" I ask.

"Her." Soviet chuckles at my joke.

I smile at his chuckle.

I begin to back away in the snow and my back hits a tree.
Oh we're really in horror movie territory right now.

"Give up?" Soviet asks me.

I look up to Soviet.

"I'll never give up." I say looking directly at him.

"Okay then, final blow." Soviet says and aims.

He'll hit me if I got to the left or right and I can't go back so I jump to the last option. Literally.

I begin to position myself. Before Soviet can throw the snowball, I pounce forward and pull his legs and he falls into the snow on his back.

"I admit, I did not expect this." Soviet says as we lay in the snow. Him staring up at the sky on his back and me lying down on my stomach by his legs.

We both begin to laugh.
Soviet is a country I can find a lot of joy in being with.
When we both laugh like this, it is genuine and a nice feeling.
I like hearing Soviets laugh.

"A draw then?" I ask Soviet sitting up.

Soviet hums as he thinks.
He sits up as well and answers.

"It wasn't fair on you, but you pulled through very well, so can agree on draw."

"Good." I say with a warm smile and extend out my hand towards Soviet.

Soviet takes my hand and shakes it.
I have to admit the shake goes on for longer than a usual one but we eventually let go.

It goes back to a silence and I look down at the snow in my own thoughts.

"The sun is setting." Soviet says, breaking the silence.

I look up to him and he stares back in the direction of the cabin. I do so too and the glow of the sun shines through the evergreen pine trees in a gentle golden hue as it reflects off the snow.

"This place has some stunning sights." I say.

"Mhmm," Soviet says.

He does that mutter thing again where I can't catch on to what he says but I don't bother asking this time.

"I think we should head back to cabin now, before you get too cold." Soviet says to me.

I look away from the sunset and to him for a bit. The golden sunlight reflects off his face.
There's just something admirable about him...

"Yeah, I think so too." I say.

Soviet stands up and extends his hand out down to me. I grab onto his hand and he pulls me up, quite fast too.
He really is strong himself.
Yeah, because—
I swear to god brain, I know what you're going to say, so just shut up about it.

Soviet still holds onto my hand as I stand. I kind of gently take my hand away, as he didn't seem to be letting go anytime soon.
I feel kind of awkward because of that, but ignore it for now.

We begin walking back to the cabin.

"I really am tired after that." I say, starting up a conversation.

"I'm not surprised, you were running around everywhere." Soviet slightly laughs.

I cross my arms.
"Well if you didn't have such good aim..." I mumbled.

"Aw, little childish Britain is annoyed." Soviet teases.

"Why do you encourage this side of me?"

"Because it's cute."

"...
You're purposefully annoying me now."

Soviet just smiles as a reply.

We reach the cabin and walk inside.
The change from cold to warm when walking into this cabin is always a nice experience.

Me and Soviet both put the coats we wore on the coat hanger.

I walk over to the sofa and fall down onto it.

"I might just fall asleep here." I say tiredly.

"I wouldn't blame you, you seem really tired." Soviet says as he walks over and sits on the opposite couch.

I wonder why he sits over on the opposite one when he's been sitting next to me all those other times?
I kind of... want him to sit next to me.
Guess my fear of separation is worse than I thought.
If it's even that... I'm not too sure.
I may not be sure on that, but I am pretty sure that I am exhausted.

My eyes flutter open and shut, as I try to stay awake. My concept of the time passing by seems to slightly slip away, as sleep tries to consume me.

"It's okay, Britain. You can just sleep." I hear Soviet say and finally focus on him.
He still sits on the opposite couch.

"Are you sure." I ask tiredly.

"I'm sure." He replies.

"Okay..."

And with that, I eventually drift off.

My ideas are kinda low, so sorry if it seems like it's revolving around these two playing childish games—it's just all I can really think of.

Hope the chapter was okay, stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2270

Chapter 11

"Britain... Britain... Britain... If you no wake up I'm going hit you with cushion this time."

I let out a slight groan and reach for my eyes as I rub them. I slowly open them. I see Soviet standing over me and I get a bit embarrassed. I'm not too sure why, I just feel kinda awkward right now, most likely because I just woke up.

"Finally." Soviet says and moves back from me a bit, giving me space as I wake up.

"Sorry, it can take a while to wake me up sometimes." I apologise with an awkward smile.

I sit up. I still sit on the sofa from last night and to be honest it wasn't that bad as I don't feel like I have bad cramps, which is what I would of expected for sleeping on a sofa. Actually, that might be because there is a blanket and pillow. I didn't put those there, and didn't fall asleep with them near. So Soviet must of put them there to make it more comfortable... he's such a sweet country, but I feel almost looked after *too* much by him. I don't know how to feel about it. Kind of makes me feel... weird? I suppose.

"No need say sorry, I just needed you wake up to show something." Soviet says.

He needs to show me something? Wonder what it could be.

"And what would that be?" I ask.

Soviet turns around and picks something off the table sitting between the two couches.

"I let you sleep, because I know you would get scared, but I left

cabin and got clothes for you. I had guess the size, so sorry if too small or too big. If are I can go back, I just thought those clothes would be getting uncomfortable on you right now..." Soviet says quite nervously.

He holds a neatly folded pile of clothes out towards me. I stare at the pile as few thoughts quickly go through my head on what Soviet had said.

The first part did scare me. He left me in the cabin alone, he could of not come back... but he did... and I'm very grateful for that fact. These clothes look nice too. Just plain colours, mostly cold colours too which is more my style. No suits. Just nice clothes, for once.

I gratefully take the clothes from Soviet.

"Thank you, I'll try them on." I say. "In privacy of course." I add on. I probably didn't need to, but I just felt I should.

"Да." Soviet replies almost anxiously.

I smile before heading to the small hallway with the bedrooms.

I carefully hold onto the clothes, making sure not to drop any as I open the first door. I hurriedly go to the room I've been staying in. I open the door and shut it, heading to the bed to place the clothes on.

I separate the different clothes out on the bed and stare at them as I pick out something.

I pick a comfy looking, long sleeve, grey shirt. I slip it on. It is loose meaning one more size down probably would of been better, but it gives a sense of comfort to it. Most likely since I've been wearing tight suits most of my life. The only time I wore anything different was when I was going to bed or isolating myself from everyone.

I pick out a pair of black trousers. I know it isn't bright colours or anything like that but it's comfier than the stuff I was wearing which really needed to be better looked after as the quality has just slowly disappeared.

With the clothes on, the shirt feels like a size too big but the trousers fit fine. Soviets a good estimator. Heck, he probably went to the kids section and picked out the biggest thing he could find there. That wouldn't work so he obviously didn't do it, but I wouldn't blame him for doing so with his height and size.

I pick up my tie. What can I do with it? I could just leave it but let's be creative, I guess. I do like this tie so why not try and use it another way?
I move the sleeve of the shirt up and tie it around my wrist like a bracelet. May seem weird but I like it. I pull the sleeve back down.

I quickly put the clothes back into a neat pile on the bed before heading to the door and leaving the room.

I slightly speed walk down the hallway before finally getting to the door leading back to the main room of the cabin.

I shut the door behind me and turn round, walking over to the sofas where Soviet still stands.

He watches me as I walk over, a look I can't quite read on his face. One deep in thought, I suppose.

"You look good." Soviet says as a compliment.

I smile.
"Thanks, it's nice to be in something different for once. You got the sizes on point too, the shirt could be a size smaller, though." I say happily to Soviet as I reach where he stands.

"I can go and get shirt that fit?" Soviet asks pointing to the door as he says so.

"No, no, no, it's fine," I say and shake my head. "It's comfy having something not so tight like a suit for once."

Soviet raises an eyebrow.

"You only wear suit?" He asks, sounding slightly confused.

"Uh," I think of how to explain it. "I had high expectations on me. I

created an image that was slightly fake to the real me. I was considered the poshest country, but certainly not the nicest. The poshest country because I wore suits all the time, it was really just in public before it developed to everywhere."

Soviet stares at me, looking even more confused as he slightly sized me up.
It makes me feel slightly uncomfortable.

"I no see it." He says and shrugs his shoulders.

"What do you mean?" I ask slightly confused myself.

"Да, you use posh phrasing in words but I just thought that was basic English. From what I've seen with you, you like many different things, have big insecurities, get nervous quiet easily and can act like small child from time to time." Soviet says nonchalantly.

I think about his words. I suppose I haven't acted the way I do in front of everyone else as I have in front of Soviet. I think I just gave up with the fact of being exhausted from it all and he'd already seen me crying in the snow like a strange country.

"I suppose I have acted... differently to normal behaviour back where I was." I say in thought. "And we're never going to get away from the child thing, are we?" I add on looking towards Soviet.

He smiles. "Nope. Not at all... 'Rain Guy'"

I chuckle.
"Or that..." I say and slightly stare down at the ground.

Me and Soviet have certainly bonded quite quickly. It's nice to become close to someone fast.
I just fear for him leaving me... I don't want to loose the one person that cares for me and I, myself, care for... heh, strong bond.

"I have another surprise." Soviet says.

I look up towards him, curious.
"Another?"

"Да." Soviet replies. "In kitchen."

Soviet begins to walk over to the kitchen section and I follow behind.

More surprises? I really wonder... wait, I just realised Soviet would of spent money on me for this. Oh, I can be such an imbecile sometimes. I'll properly thank him for it after this and offer to pay him back. I may of left with no money—cause I'm an idiot—but it should still be there and I was decently wealthy, as guilty as I am admitting it. I don't know... it doesn't sit right with me when I can just say 'Yes, I am wealthy, I have a lot of money' I just can't help but picture those whom don't and... I don't really wanna think about it right now...

Soviet stops at the bar-like kitchen island. I stop as well, still curiously waiting.

"You said you drink a lot of tea when I gave hot chocolate so I know you must like it very much." Soviet begins.
He walks to the kitchen cupboards. He opens one and reaches in pulling out a certain tea bag boxing.
"So I bought tea bags." He says and places the packaging on the counter.

I stare intently at the tea. I honestly can't wait to have a cup of tea... I don't care if it's stereotypical, I love tea. It's a calming drink that I've enjoyed having for a long time.

I look towards Soviet.
"Thank you Soviet. I really do like my tea and I'm thankful that you bought it," I say happily again. "but I have to repay you at some point." I add on.

"Kind offer but I don't think there is much need, I could of not bought it but I did and so I won't you to enjoy it. Money doesn't always matter when it comes to making people happy." Soviet says.

A doubtful expression falls on my face.

"For now, only because I don't have any money to give, I shall

except your defiance." I say and slightly cross my arms.

"Good... now you want tea?" Soviet asks.

I uncross my arms.
"Yes, very much."

"Okay... I kinda, don't know how make tea. I haven't had in while, and even then someone else made for me." Soviet says nervously.

"That's okay, I can make the tea." I say.

"I thought you say you destroy kitchen when making stuff?" Soviet says in a mixture of confusion and concern for his kitchen.

"Not when it comes to tea. I have mastered the art of making tea." I say confidently.

"Okay." Soviet says unsurely.

I look around the kitchen.
Oh god, please don't tell me...

"Do you have a kettle?" I ask Soviet.

"Kettle?" He asks.

Oh no...

"An appliance that boils water?" I say questioningly to Soviet.

"Um... like this thing?" Soviet asks and he walks and opens a lower cupboard searching through it.
There is a lot of cluttering as he searches through the cupboard before finally settling on something. He pulls out... a perfectly fine looking black kettle.

"Yes!" I say and go to take the kettle.

I grab it from Soviet, subconsciously muttering a thank you. I place it on top of the counter.

"There is another part to it." I say.

"Uh... I'll let you search for it." Soviet says and moves out of the way.

I look through the cupboard, spotting the second part almost straight away.

"Here it is." I say and take out the bottom part of the kettle which is attached to the plug.

I walk over to a socket in the wall, plugging it in. I take the main part of the kettle and place it on top of the lower part.

"Oh wait." I mutter.
I forgot to fill it with water, honestly.

I take it over to the sink. Soviet watches me curiously. I look over to him.

"Now I teach you something." I say as I open the lid of the kettle.

"Okay." Soviet says and comes closer, so as to get a better view.

"First you want to fill the kettle with cold water." I say and hold the kettle underneath the tap as I turn it on and wait for it to fill.

"Are you haveing a cup?" I ask to Soviet.

"Eh, sure." He replies.

"Okay. So you see on this clear part," I say and point to the part on the kettle. "That's so you can see where the water is. It's marked already where you want to fill it for a certain amount of cups," I explain. "I completely ignore this, but I suggest you might want to follow it until you feel okay with how much you like to have."

Soviet slowly nods his head. He could probably just not understand a single word I'm saying, but oh well.

The kettle fills to a point of which I feel is good and I turn the tap off, carrying the kettle over to the lower part. I place it on top and it fits in.

"The switch down here turns it on." I say, pointing to the switch before flicking it on.

The sound of the kettle beginning to heat the water comes on.

"Is that a good sound." Soviet asks concerned.

"Yes. It means it's heating up." I reply. "It usually takes a while though, so I like to just get the mug set up while it heats."

"You need mugs then. They're in this cupboard." Soviet says and opens up the cupboard.

He takes out two plain white mugs.
My cupboard was filled with many differently decorated mugs but simple is still okay.

He places them down on the counter top.

"So we then get the teabags," I say and grab the packaging off the island. "And the sugar?" I slightly ask, as I don't know where the sugar is in the kitchen.

"I'll get that." Soviet says.

I focus on opening the packaging of the teabags.
I eventually open the packet and take out two teabags putting them in the mugs. One in each.

Soviet comes back with the sugar. It is in a clear glass jar. I wouldn't have one of those, I would certainly drop it.

He places that on the counter as well. I open the lid of it.

"I need a spoon, preferably a... can't remember the specific name, but a small one." I say to Soviet.

He opens a draw close to him and pulls out a small spoon.

"Thanks. One or two spoonfuls?" I ask Soviet as I take off the lid.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh... One?" Soviet says, yet again, unsurely.

"Okay." I say and put one spoonful in one mug and two in the other. I like my tea sweet.

(*Now to save you all from the boredom I feel I am writing I shall skip it in a small summary.*)

I slowly go through it all. Adding the hot water, being careful not to spill it because it is scolding hot, stirring it correctly, taking out the teabag and adding milk **after** taking out the tea bag.

"And there you have it, your basic cup of tea." I say like a game show host with jazz hands.

Soviet chuckles.
"Thank you for showing me."

"No problem, I love tea." I say happily.

"But you love pancakes so why you no know how to make them?" Soviet asks me.

I stare at Soviet, slightly annoyed.

"Some things don't need to be said." I simply respond.

I grab my mug, remembering which one had the two sugars and slowly sip from it.

"Isn't that boiling hot?" Soviet asks me.

"You have forgotten my power of being immune to hot drinks." I say in response.

"Oh yeah, I don't know how I ever forgot." Soviet says.

I just smile and continue to sip my tea.

"Thanks for getting all of this again, Soviet. I really do appreciate it." I say, putting my mug down for a bit.

"No problem. I appreciate having your company so it least I could do." Soviet replies.

I smile in return.
A true smile. One I never really showed until meeting Soviet. One I had forgotten. Forgotten the joy of. Forgotten the feeling of. The wonderful feeling of...

Hope this wasn't too bland!

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2625

Chapter 12

Me and Soviet sat and talked at the table, slowly drinking our cups of tea. I was glad to know that he liked the tea. Everyone likes their tea differently and makes it in different ways. It can also depend on your mood, at least I have learned so. I'm more likely to make a cup of tea when I'm sad than when I'm happy. It's always been a comfort drink for me. The warmth and sweetness in it has always managed to calm me in my worst states.

I've probably been the calmest I ever have been in this moment. Not only does the tea calm me but I've found out that Soviets voice also calms me. It's a little embarrassing, I suppose, but I just think he has a really nice voice and it's managed to put me at ease.

"Britain, you okay? You look like you're staring right through me." Soviet says and my focus goes to him.

I suppose I wasn't paying attention, which was quite rude of me.

"Yeah sorry, guess I got caught up in my thoughts a little bit." I apologise to Soviet.

"Is okay." Soviet responds. "I was ask how you knew about deer in woods being royal deer. Never really got ask you because of embarrassing moment."

"Ah, yeah." I say nervously, recalling the moment. "Royal deers—or stags—have 12 points on their antlers—six per antler. Although that's red deer... I should of taken the time to look at it closer, I just instantly saw it as a red deer because of them being native to my country, I guess. Further North specifically, too."

"That's an interesting fact." Soviet says. "How did you find that out?" He asks.

I can see he just has no idea what to talk about and is just asking anything at this point, so he's pushing on the subject. I don't mind,

though.

"I read a book about it." I say happily.

I've always liked books. A good proportion of fiction and non-fiction. I love fantasy and I love books on nature—animals specifically. Other books are good too. Books are another calming mechanism of mine, I suppose I have quite a few as I've always needed it a lot.

"I can tell you like books, then." Soviet says with a soft smile.

"Absolutely." I say. "A good book always makes me happy. It's enticing and just good fun. It helps build your imagination, sometimes I have to go and read over something again because I imagined the completely wrong scene. The authors are amazing. I never really understand how some of them do it, how they come up with it. It's so fascinating—" I pause.
"I'm going on a whole rant, aren't I?"

Soviet lets out a short chuckle. "Да. I don't mind, it seems to be keeping you happy and something of your interest."

I smile at Soviet.
"Guess I do like books quite a lot." I say, slightly embarrassed.
I got in way to deep with that.

"I can't say I like books as much as you." Soviet says.

"You don't like books?" I ask him, almost in disbelief.

"They don't fulfil my type of entertainment,." Soviet says with a shrug.

Even though I don't fully want to, I have to accept that books aren't for everyone... most movies start off as books anyway so you can't say you entirely hate books. Without them you wouldn't have movies such as the Harry Potter or Hunger Game series, even Jaws was based off a novel, don't get me started on Stephan King. Even though I could never watch a movie based on Stephan King's books. Horror isn't my style... I do get scared quite easily, but just not in a way that you'll realise. I remain silent while completely terrified on

the inside.

"What's your type of entertainment then?" I ask Soviet.

"... I guess I like... um... Scary movies?"

You've got to be kidding me.

"Interesting." I say. "Slasher, paranormal or other?" I question.

"Slasher, I guess." Soviet says with a shrug.

"Okay," I respond.

Slashers usually freak me out. Too much blood, sometimes. It reminds me of things I try to forget... in my history specifically.

"We have different tastes then."

"But we both like the taste of pancakes." Soviet says.

I smile at Soviets slight joke.
"Very true." I say, almost letting out my dumb giggle that I have sometimes.
It annoys me because it usually happens at things that aren't *too* funny. I just find them amusing.

Soviet smiles back at me.

I develop a very awkward feeling in my stomach, which is not sitting right with me. It's making me feel quite nervous and I shift in my seat. I don't know why the feeling came on, it just did once Soviet smiled.

Sitting with this feeling isn't making me feel good and my eyes begin to wonder seeing if there's something to take my mind off it.

I stare down into my mug and realise it is empty. Ah, that's what I can do.

"Seems like I've finished my tea." I say trying to keep myself from stuttering. I really don't know what the cause of this is.

"Me too." Soviet says, looking at his own empty mug. "It was nice cup of tea. I'll take cups to sink now."

Soviet then grabs my mug and his own, taking them over to the sink on the countertops behind him.

I was going to offer to clean them to distract my mind, but Soviet seems to be fine doing it himself. I'd also be scared of dropping the mugs, as always.

As he turns, I let out a short sigh as the feeling seems to slightly subside, but it is undoubtedly still lurking at the bottom of my stomach. I'll just ignore it for now.

I watch as Soviet begins to wash the mugs in the sink, as well as some other dishes that had been left in their.

I stare and fall into my own thoughts.
I wonder about the things Soviet says sometimes. His English isn't perfect, but sometimes I feel he knows what he's doing. As in, I presume he isn't always the best with describing things the correct way but the way he says it suggests otherwise. I don't even know if that makes sense itself, but I don't quite know how else to put it.

Him calling me... cute... in my own disliking for being called it I don't actually realise that he legitimately just called me cute. Which... I don't quite know how to take. Thinking about it now makes the same feeling swirl in my stomach.

"Britain, you're staring off into space again." Soviet says waving his hand in my face.

"O-Oh, sorry." I apologise and shrink back in small embarrassment.

"It fine. Just makes me wonder what you are thinking about." Soviet says and raises his eyebrow as if asking if he could know what I was thinking.

Heh, nope.

"Nothing of importance, really, just non-interesting minuscule thoughts." I say.

"Yeah, okay." Soviet says like he doesn't fully believe me.

Meanwhile my stomach does a back flip and I feel even more awkward. Why does this feeling have to terrorise me at this moment.

"You look nervous." Soviet says.

Shoot—

"I-I just... It's something I don't really want to talk about." I say as another excuse.

I'm fine with telling Soviet things, but not the fact that he easily flusters me with his words. Not that that's what I was fully implying earlier on but it's certainly what happens. I feel he would use that knowledge, however, and that makes me scared in a way.

Again, I'm not even too sure why I get so flustered sometimes. I've always been a bit shy, but it's never obvious. When I get embarrassed I usually get mad at the person. Cover it up with anger and I've never had a problem with that. Except now I do have a problem with it.

I'm not mad at Soviet... just... the opposite.

"I understand, you can talk to me when and if you need to though." Soviet says in an almost reassuring tone.

I mentally take a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, that's very kind of you." I say.

Soviet smiles.
"No problem."

His smile seems to fill my mind at that moment.
God, I don't understand anything anymore.
But you do understand that Soviet is strong because he's got-
I freaking hate myself.

But should I say something?

Should I question it?
I don't even know what I'm questioning.
Shut up, of course you know... you just don't want to.
You just don't believe it.
You think you don't want to, but maybe... Maybe you do.

No.
I don't know what I'm thinking.
I'm just having crazy talks in my head that just don't make sense...

Sorry if this seems like a bit of an abrupt end, I'm just running low on ideas right now so I'm publishing this for now until I can develop a solid idea for next chapter.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1532

Chapter 13

"It look like it is snowing outside." Soviet says.

I come out of my thoughts, looking up to him. He faces towards the window at the very back wall of the cabin, which is where the bar-like kitchen is placed. I turn to look out of it also. It is quite a big window and you can indeed see the snow falling down on the darkness of the forest trees at the back of the cabin before it disappears from view, blending into the soft white snow on the ground.

"You get so much snow here." I say, admiring the snow through the window.

"Да, I like snow. Although it can be pain when trying to get somewhere on time." Soviet says.

"Yeah, I can imagine." I say looking to Soviet with a soft smile.

I go back to staring out the window.

Snow is a beautiful thing, really. You can't help but get excited when seeing it, or at least I can't. The sound of it under your feet, the magical feel to it as it falls from the sky, the many things you can do in it, I wish it snowed more often in more parts of my country.

"You want to go outside to see it better?" Soviet asks me.

I turn towards him, almost excitedly.

"Yes!" I say enthusiastically.

I really do get caught up in my childish side, don't I?

"Get ready then." Soviet says, moving away from where he is to go

and grab his jacket, I assume.

I quickly get up from my seat and speed walk to the room I've been staying in.

I pick out some of the clothes Soviet had bought for me.
(*Em, I'm terrible at describing outfits so I hope it's okay if I cheat and just... not do it. But for your imagination Britain wears clothes consisting of mostly cold or dull colours and Soviet wears a mix of beiges and browns, sometimes dull colours too. Just pick the clothes, add those colours, voila!—sorry about my lazy ass.*
Now let's continue...)

Once I've got them on, with my tie wrapped around my wrist again, I rush out of the room.

Soviet stands at the cabin door waiting for me. The cabin door is already open and Soviet stands near the doorframe holding the jacket he's lent me.

I walk up to him and take the jacket.

"Thank you." I say and begin to put the jacket on.

Soviet walks outside the cabin and the snow piles on top of his same coat, sitting on the soft fabric.

I walk out soon after instantly staring up at the sky.

My eyes slightly squint at the brightness as the sun reflects off the snow.

"It's way brighter out here than I would of expected. Should of worn sunglasses." I joke, looking towards Soviet.

Soviet smiles at me then looks up at the sky himself.

He must be use to seeing the snow fall. He's got all these winter clothes and his wardrobe consists of mostly jumpers (sweaters) from what I've seen.

He also seems quite quiet. Back to his deep thoughts again, I

assume. I don't really mind, but I'd still like to hear his voice.
If he doesn't want to say anything, though, I won't bother him.

I, myself, stare back up at the sky to watch the snow fall. The cold snowflakes fall on my face and make it slightly hard to keep my eyes fully open.

A smile falls on my face staring at the snow. It truly is magical, but also very cold.

I look down from the sky, my eyes slightly hurting from the brightness and the snowflakes, and hold out my hand with my palm facing upwards watching the snowflakes fall on top of it before quickly melting due to my body heat.

I look up from my hand and my eyes quickly move to Soviet who stares at me with a soft smile on his face.
As he sees me staring he quickly looks away, making his face unseen to me and crosses his arms across himself.

I look away from him too, warming up from embarrassment.
Was he watching me the whole time?
Well obviously he was.
I probably looked idiotically childish... as always, in front of him.

Finding a bit of courage I look back to where Soviet was standing, but he's moved. I do a full 360 to find Soviet sitting on the porch swing, like the first time we arrived here.

I stare awkwardly in thought.
Well now you've got a decision to make.
Stand here in the snow.
Or sit next to him on the porch swing.....

I slowly walk over to the porch swing.
Soviet doesn't look towards me but I can tell he knows I'm walking over.
I sit on the porch swing, a decent distance away from him.
I wonder what it would be like to close the gap...
I hate what my brain 'wonders' nowadays.

It's a tense moment of awkwardness as we both stay silent.
There seems to be a lot of these moments between us. Moments of silence. I have to say a lot goes through my head in those moments.

"You feeling better?" Soviet says breaking the silence.

He still doesn't look towards me, but waits for an answer.

"About what?" I ask, slightly confused.

"About one night when you have bad dream. I would like know if you feel better." Soviet says in a lighter tone, now facing a bit more towards me.

"Oh, u-um yeah, I guess so." I stutter.

I'm not to sure to be fully honest. I still think about it to an unhealthy extent. Soviets made that die down but it still prowls in the back of my mind, waiting for when I'm alone or vulnerable to attack again.

"That wasn't very certain answer." Soviet says to me.

I stay silent, beginning to nervously fiddle with my tie still strapped around my wrist.

"Britain..." Soviet says before trailing off, re-thinking what he was going to say.

I let out a sigh.

"It's fine Soviet," I say and look up to the country. "You don't have to worry about me the way you do. It's unnecessary, really. I don't deserve the care you give me. It's... it's... it... is..." I sigh unable to find the right words.

"I was just giving back." Soviet says, his focus on the snow falling ahead of him.

I look towards him confused.
"Giving back?"

"I think both needed company. I never accepted company and you had company taken away from you. I think we both forgot how felt... and feels nice. If weren't for finding you, I'd be aimlessly trekking through forest thinking depressingly to myself... You helped me and I want help you. It feels right help you." Soviet then finishes speaking.

Again, we're left in silence.

The thoughts rush through my head again.
These fast thoughts I keep getting are so hard to focus on and understand.
I can feel the emotions building inside me, too.

"Soviet?"

"Да?"

"C-... can I hug you?"
The words just seemed to slip out.

It seemed involuntary but at the same time—it wasn't.

"Uh... yeah." Soviet answers uncertainly.

Without another word I almost fall into the country, gripping onto his torso. I barely can think of a reason for this desired action of mine... But I feel comforted.

Soviet slowly holds me back.

My breathing is quite heavy with my nerves but I soon calm down, feeling almost reassured.
My emotions got me into this situation. They're messing around with me. I'm acting like a completely different being to what I was before running away.
And honestly... I kind of like this side of me better, in a nonsensical way.

"I'm sorry." I whisper, still holding onto the most likely confused country.
I can't be sure of Soviets emotion as I don't dare look up, scared of

being trapped in those awkward starings again.

"It's... okay." Soviet says.

He still hugs back himself and I find reassurance in the fact he didn't push me away. I must be so embarrassing for the country right now.

"I don't know why I'm doing this..." I say truthfully.

It's like my words and feelings are in completely different universes. Opposites.

"Me neither." Soviet nervously chuckles.

I chuckle with him.
Never have my emotions and thoughts been more mixed than in this moment right now.

Eventually, I decide to let go.
I begin to release the country and Soviet gets the sign, doing the same. As I begin to sit up, I stop when me and Soviet make eye contact.

Are faces are quite close, but it strangely doesn't feel as awkward. We stare and I brake into a small awkward smile.

"Again, I'm terribly sorry, I do some bizarre things sometimes." I apologise.

"*Again*, it fine. And you are bizarre country but I like that about you." Soviet says with a shrug of his shoulders.

I smile at Soviets words.
I've never been used to compliments but the amount that this country is throwing at me, I've just decided to except them.

I fully move away and sit back down on the porch swing, closer than before this time.

The snow still falls down onto the sparkling white ground.

"We always seem to end up in the snow."

Probably a terrible ending to this chapter but oh well.

My stupidly forgetful self forgot to thank you all for 1K reads last chapter. That is really amazing!
So yeah, thank you all.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1610

Chapter 14

Me and Soviet stay on the porch swing in silence. The snow still gently falling from the sky. It was less blinding, as the sun was getting closer to setting. Although, depending on your position I suppose you could argue it would be more brighter.

Soviet really did let me sleep in, huh? I appreciate that. It's nice to finally be catching back up on my sleep with the many sleepless nights I've already had.

Nightmares have always plagued me. A lot has happened to me in my lifetime—and it's the same for every country, really. But being one of the biggest at one point I witnessed and... did things I sometimes wish never happened.
But you can't change history or destiny. It shaped me into the country I am today, as much as I despise myself sometimes.

The tense silence is becoming a bit unpleasant. Mainly because of the awkward behaviour I had shown not so long ago.
Can't make up my mind on wether I regret it or not.

"Awkward silence again..." Soviet says with a slight chuckle.

"Yeah..." I awkwardly say.

"Well, I think we can start conversation or find something do." Soviet thinks for a little bit.
"Anything you like? Any hobbies?"

I ponder to myself for a bit.

It's been a while since I've done anything to my liking... what was the last enjoyable thing I did?

"I suppose dancing..." I say. "Though I'm not very good at it." I

quickly add on.

In truth, I've been taught dancing from a young age. Can't be the 'formal country' if you don't know how to do ballroom dances, can you?
And in even more truth, I taught my children how to do basic dances, too. I wish I could of spent more time with them... I'm sorry that they had to live with split parents... I just didn't know what I was getting myself into.

Love is quite the confusing thing but is quite beautiful.
It's painful how fast it can change.
One minute it's saving you and next it's trying to drown you.

(*Heh, any NF fans? Because I'm unoriginal, I took that last sentence from his song 'Thing Called Love' I recommend listening to it—really good song.*)

"I'm sure you're good dancer. I've barely danced in life so don't expect me to remember how do basic dance." Soviet says.

"I could teach you."
Words just seem to fall out of my mouth these days.

"Really? What dance?" Soviet asks while looking towards me.

"Basic Waltz?" I question.

"Sounds fun." Soviet says and stands up.

He extends his hand out towards me.
He's obviously copying that from a movie or he's lying about not knowing how to dance.

"Right now?" I ask.

"I don't see why not now?" Soviet responds.

With that I take his hand and he gently pulls me up off the porch swing. Didn't expect him to actually pull me off but I just go with it for now.

We walk out into the open snow and then stand still. I turn to Soviet.

"So we'll start with how you position your hands." I say.

I grab onto Soviets left hand and lift it up to eye height, gently clutching it with my right hand.

"That stays like that." I say, looking to Soviet.
I notice a different coloured red hue resting on his face.

I grab Soviets right hand.

"You place this hand on my shoulder blade, on my back." I say.

I know that I've placed this in the way that I am supposed to be the woman, I just thought it would be easier for Soviet and it kind of came naturally with the height difference.

"And then I place my left hand on top of your shoulder." I say, and do the action.

I glance to Soviet.

"Got that?" I ask.

"Uh, yeah." He says, seemingly distracted.

"For the steps," I continue to explain. "You start with your feet together. You'll step forward with your left bringing your right to the side and then close." I say.

I come out of the position and show this to Soviet.

"You then step forward with your right, side to the left and close." I say demonstrating again. "Then it's just repeating."

I look up to Soviet who looks unsure.

"Try to think: Left, side, close. Right, side, close." I say.

I don't think that's the best advice but Soviet nods his head at my words.

"Want to try it yourself first?" I ask.

"Uh, sure. Okay." Soviet mutters, he seems slightly embarrassed.

"I can do it with you, if you want?" I say.

"That would help, I guess."

With that I go and stand next to Soviet.

"I'll say it as we go along. I'll do a countdown as well. We'll start slowly then pick up pace."

"Got it." Soviet says, trying to sound confident.

"3...2...1...Forward left. Side. Close," I say slowly, giving Soviet time to process the steps. "Forward right. Side. Close."

I continue to repeat, getting faster with it each time.
Soon Soviet confidently does the steps.

"There you go." I say with a smile.

"That wasn't too hard." Soviet says, in a little surprise.

"Just got to make sure you don't get distracted with it and accidentally mess up." I respond. "You remember the positioning?"

"Yeah." Soviet says.

"That's called the Ballroom Hold or Closed Hold." I say. "So get into a Ballroom Hold."

I face Soviet and we get back into the position we were first in—the Ballroom Hold.

"And then you do the same steps we just did. It's important to understand the positioning of the feet, as well. You do heel first and then pointing your toe. So thinking about the ups and downs of the Waltz you're going down, up, up, down, up, up." I say.

"Uh, okay." Soviet says in uncertainty.

"I'm pretty sure you'll develop to it, so don't worry." I reassure.

Soviet nods his head.

"Start slowly again. I'll count down and then we'll go." I explain, Soviet nodding his head again. "In 3...2...1..."

With that we begin doing the steps. I pay attention to what Soviet does making sure he's understanding it. We both look down at our feet as we get use to it. We slowly develop into doing a circle, the snow being kicked about our feet as we continue.

Eventually we both become accustom to the dance and move more quickly and freely. As it goes on our eyes move up from the ground as the confidence grows.

We waltz in the snow. Twirling around in synchronised steps. The snow still gently falling around us.

Our eyes eventually meet as the focus seems to melt away, it becoming seemingly natural. Both of us smile, enjoying the small dance.

It goes on for a while. Boredom never seeming to come.
Just holding onto each other as the world moves around us.

Time seems to have slowed as we move swiftly. Staring brightly at each other, in harmony.

We both seem to be lost In the moment and in each other's movements.

Nothing else seeming to matter.
We only need to focus on the dance.
We only need to focus on each other.

And I now know how to Waltz. Perfect.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1231

Chapter 15

Soviets POV

This seems almost Unreal. Fanciful. Hallucinatory. Illusory. Immaterial. Unbelievable. Whatever word you can use to describe it...

Britain, a country that has tamed my heart, is so close to me as we dance. Our hands touching. He has soft smooth skin, I imagine he would cover them up with gloves or take very good care to keep it that gentle. Holding onto each other. Feeling the warmth and movement of each other.
I hate and love it.
Love how... just... this moment. Every moment. Any moment. It's like he's a drug and I'm becoming addicted. The more I'm with him the more addicted I'm becoming.
Hate how... How I have to think this way about someone I can barely imagine thinks the same way...

However, the moment soon—like all moments—comes to an end. Unfortunately. We both stop, breathing heavy from the dancing.

"That was quite tiring." Britain says with a sweet smile.

"Да it was." I reply.

We still stare at each other, staying in the ballroom pose like neither of us want to leave it.
I wonder why he doesn't move away.
Maybe I wonder too much, but my little speck of wonder grows into a big question. This would be a chance... To..... but you don't even know if he likes guys... but you could risk it.

As I think about it my head subconsciously begins to ever so slowly move closer to Britain.
Risk it... Risk it... Risk it...
Feeling his breath on my skin and eyeing him, it's like a magnetic

pull. Our faces centimetres away, Britain seems dazed himself although I can't read his face as the thoughts continue race.
Risk... it...?
The gap between us slowly closing with my face drawing nearer.....

I can't.

I can't, I can't, I can't.

I look away, moving my head back.
Fuck.
What is wrong with me?
I can't decide if I'm more disappointed in the fact I tried to close that gap, or the fact I didn't.

I don't dare to look back at Britain, a dark fear surrounding me about his reaction. I don't want to see his reaction. I'm too scared it will be negative. Though I wouldn't blame him.

You should of closed the gap.
No I shouldn't of.
Should of.
Shouldn't of.
Should of.
Shouldn't of.
Should of.
Shouldn't of.
Should of,
Should...n't...of...?
You're doubting it.
Yes I know I'm doubting it... I'm talking to myself, I'm my head, again.
You wanted to.
I wasn't thinking. It was involuntary.
Far from involuntary. You said yourself, he's like a drug. Drugs mess with your head and get to the point where you think you *need* them to survive.
...
... why...
It's just emotions.
My emotions are to blame.

You know that's not a healthy mind set, Soviet.
I just need to stop thinking about this...

"I'm still feeling quite tired... I think I'll go inside and sleep." Britain says, his words cutting the silence.

His voice sends a rapid response of the feeling of butterflies in my stomach. So many butterflies I feel like a bunch are going to burst out of my chest like that scene in Alien...
Probably shouldn't remember that scene from the movie... it was pretty disturbing.

I'm almost sad Britain's leaving. I mean, sure I'm a mess right now and is why I still haven't turned around to face him, but I still want to spend more time with this country... why can't I ever just make up my mind on something...

I hear Britain's footsteps beginning to crunch in the snow.

I quickly turn round to face Britain, his back towards me as the walks to the cabin.

"H-Hey, Uh, did you..." I slightly pause trying to quickly think of something. "You tired, right? Does not mean night has to end, we could... um, watch movie or something?"

It was on my mind thanks to that Alien thought, so it was the excuse I went with in the end.

Britain turns to face me. A gentle look upon his face.

"That sounds nice." He says softly.

I almost immediately calm down, feeling like a massive weight has been taking off my shoulders. I was expecting a bad reaction but this feels to be the opposite.

"Great!" I exclaim. "I can make hot chocolate again?"

Britain's eyes seem to light up.

"Really?" He questions excitedly.

"Of course. I wouldn't offered otherwise, would I?" I respond with a smile.

"Oh, right." Britain says slightly embarrassed and he fiddles with the tie on his wrist.

He must really like the tie. I imagine that means he liked his top hat, too. He did appear sad when he realised it was in pretty bad condition. Maybe I can fix it?

"You can get comfy on sofa. I'll get hot chocolate ready while you do so." I say to Britain.

I begin walking over to the cabin. Britain waits for me to get to him before continuing to walk into the cabin and I think that's sweet.

We proceed to take off our coats and boots. Britain does as I says and heads to the sofa and I head to the kitchen.

I make the hot chocolate with thoughts constantly spinning through my head. I'm going to get a serious headache from all this, at least it feels that way.

I guess I'm scared... because... I know at one point I will have to say something about it. I can't exactly hide this from Britain. Well, I guess I could, but I don't see any good coming from it...

I wish I could... God, I don't even know what I wish. I wish a lot of things.

I wish I was better with my feelings.

I wish I could make up my mind easier.

I wish I wasn't so cold towards my family.

I wish could do more to help others better.

I wish I wasn't pessimistic most of the time.

I wish I could take back my regrets.

And...

I wish... I wish I could feel Britain's lips against my own...

... What the actual heck, Soviet?
Why do you think and want these things it's just... it's completely normal to you because that's who you are but it's not exactly normal to everyone...
I guess it feels better to of said it—in my head, to myself, of course.

But oh how true the words are...

Hehe, Soviets POV again. Enjoy it while it lasts because we're going back to clueless Britain next chapter :)

Well, not so clueless anymore but still pretty clueless. Just experiencing some denial, thinking of more 'reasonable explanations', that stuff. Anyway, I'll shut up now.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1123

Chapter 16

Britain's POV

I sit on the couch, quite drowsy. I'm tired but at the same time not tired. Does that make sense? No idea but it's how I feel. I could easily sleep but could also stay awake for another hour or so.

I can't get what happened outside off my mind... I'm just really confused. It felt good dancing with Soviet. He had a gentle touch for his general rough appearance. He also has the most entrancing eye colour. I've seen people with rare eye colours but Soviets fiery orange just seems to put them to shame. Even if an eyepatch covers one eye the way his other eye manages to glitter—it looks like a real fire and I have to say it's quite beautiful.

His general appearance seems to captivate me and I can't really say why.
Is it weird to observe someone so much?

Something seemed to happen outside. Me and Soviet were very close to each other. Any normal person would of felt uncomfortable and a friend probably would of jokingly pushed them away, but that didn't seem to be the case.

I can't describe how I felt. I can't describe how Soviet felt.
But it's really making me begin to question a lot of things.
I can never seem to come to a full conclusion.

A big one I can't seem to answer is... what is mine and Soviets relationship?
I would of simply said friends but it doesn't sit right with me. There is just a little thing that bites at me that I can't seem to explain.
It's like a feeling of wanting more.

"Here is hot chocolate." Soviet said and I come out of my thoughts.

"Thank you." I say and happily take the hot chocolate from his

hand.

Soviet places his hot chocolate on the table in front of the sofas and grabs the TV remote on the table before sitting down next to me. A decent distance away. Not like when we were outside.

Gosh, I can't seem to stop thinking about it.

I begin to sip my hot chocolate, completely immune to the heat. The taste is a sweet chocolate delight that I always love.

"What movie you want watch?" Soviet asks.

"I don't really mind, as long as it's not... inappropriate." I say.

Soviet mutters an "okay" before scrolling through the movies.

"What about Hush?" Soviet asks.

"Hush?" I question and look up to the TV.

"It good movie." Soviet says.

"It's a horror movie." I mutter in reply.

"Oh? I can put on Baby TV for the baby Britain instead?" Soviet slightly teases.

I give him an annoyed look.

"Play it."

"You sure?" Soviet still teases.

"I said. Play. It." I say sternly to him.

"Alrighty." Soviet said and pressed the play button.

I mentally prepared myself for what was going to happen, as I had no idea where this movie was going to go.

(*Slight movie spoilers but I' won't reveal the entire plot of the film or that.*)

Of course it was a slasher and it was some realistic looking gore at that.
I was mentally screaming at the protagonist, they were death and there were so many scenes where she was so close to dying. I had to squeeze one of the sofa cushions to channel the tension building.

I noticed a few times that Soviet was looking back at all the most scariest or tension filled scenes to see my reaction.

He'll be disappointed with me though because I never gave a reaction and he seemed slightly confused at the end of the film.

"You handled really well for saying you no like slasher horror." Soviet said.

Did he put that on to purposefully scare me? Asking a question like that, I swear.

"No I didn't." I say, looking at him.

He raises an eyebrow at me.

"We are in a cabin in the woods... that was in a house in the woods... do you have any idea what mindset you just put me in?" I ask to Soviet, squeezing the small sofa pillow I still hug with my fingertips.

"Ah... yeah." Soviet says like he just realises it.

"I'm not good with horror movies..." I mutter. "I think I am until I actually watch them."

"You shouldn't be scared." Soviet says.

"I can't control my fear." I reply.

"That's a good point but not what I meant." Soviet says and slightly shakes his head.

"What?" I ask. "Why shouldn't I be scared then?"

"Because I'll protect you." Soviet says with a smile.

I squeeze the pillow almost ten times harder at that response, slightly burying my face into it.
This time not out of fear, however.

My stomach is doing flips again.

"Th-Thanks." I mutter, I hate how I just stuttered.

"You must be scared with that stutter." Soviet jokes.

"Shut up."
I'm glad he took it that way, but it still annoys me.

"I'm sure you would be fine. You seem smart, like girl in film." Soviet says.

"What? So I'm the brains and you're the muscle?" I ask in a jokingly sarcastic way.

"Oh? You think I've got muscles?~" Soviet teases.

What the—
I said that didn't I?
Oh shoot,
Oh shoot,
Oh shoot,
The way he said that too...
You liked it.
No I didn't!
Don't deny it.
I'm not. Just shut up for once dumb brain...

"N-No!" Why do I have to stutter. "I never said that it's just... how the line is usually delivered!"

"I'm pretty sure depending on whom speak to the delivery could be different." Soviet says.

"Yeah well, I invented English—or it at least originated in my country—so I'm pretty sure I know what I'm saying." I say in annoyance.

"For you having invented language you stutter lot more than me when speaking it." Soviet says smugly in reply.

This country, I swear.

"Wheesht."
Yep, I'm nervous because I'm breaking into a Scottish accent at the most random time.

Soviet looks at me confused.

"British thing?" He questions.

"Nope, Scottish thing." I reply.

"Scottish?" He asks sounding even more confused.

"I can do British, English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish. Not all on demand, though." I say.

"I... hm..." Soviet mumbles, not really able to think of a good reply.

I quite happily sit in silence waiting for Soviet to think of his response.

"Bet you still stutter in those accents, too."

"Why you—"

I throw the sofa cushion at Soviet and it hits him in the face.

I cross my arms grumpily as Soviet chuckles. I try my hardest not to smile at Soviets chuckling.

"I sorry." Soviet says.

I turn to look at him with narrowed eyes.

"You really do have beautiful voice, though. I understand that stuttering isn't thing can always control." Soviet adds on.

Soviet thinks I have a beautiful voice?
I can feel my face heating up, this situation is just piling up on my

embarrassment.

"O-Oh, thanks I guess." I say with a stutter and mentally face palm.

"But it seems like you will be stuttering for a while." Soviet says with a small chuckle.

"Y-Yeah, oh my g... lets just move the conversation on." I say and place my head in my hands with the feeling of embarrassment building.

"Don't be embarrassed." Soviet says. "Like I said, is natural thing."

I let out a sigh, not wanting to speak, afraid of this stutter.

"You really did get scared to develop stutter like that." Soviet slightly says to himself.

Soviet still thinks the stutter is because I'm scared.
That is not the case.

"I'm not scared." I said annoyedly.

"Yeah I see, you didn't stutter." Soviet responds.

I give him a small glare and he just smiles in response.

His dumb smile...

I let out another sigh and look away from Soviet.
I'm beginning to feel tired again. Well, I wasn't really feeling tired the first time I just wanted to get out of that awkward situation. But when Soviet had offered to watch a movie, I wanted to do that. I just wanted to spend more time with him.

"You're tired, aren't you?" Soviet said.

I look towards him.
"How'd you know?"

"Your eyes are drowsy." Soviet reply's

"Hm, yeah." I mutter. "I think it's time to call it a night."

"I can agree on that." Soviet says, giving a nod with his head.

"But if anything happens—you're protecting me." I say, completely serious.

I know it would take a lot to kill me, which is usually the main basis of horror movies, but the thought of it makes me scared, especially picturing what happened in the movie.
It was really well done but too well done and now I feel uneasy about it.

"Of course I'll protect little Britain." Soviet says jokingly.

I give him an unimpressed look.

"Yes. Да. I'll protect you." Soviet says a bit more seriously this time.

He probably thinks I'm a scaredy-cat.

"Thanks and sor—"

"No apologising." Soviet cuts in. "I was reason you watch it, I knew there was possibility that might get scared."

He made me watch it... even though he knew I might get scared..... how *kind* of him...

"Yeah, you better be protecting me for that." I say.

I truly am anxious, I'm not exactly the best country in the world and I can see many reasons why people would want to try to hurt me.

"I will be, after all, I've got the muscles like you said." Soviet jokes.

"Now you're just flexing." I reply unimpressed.

"You're pretty strong yourself, realised that when you stole my hat." Soviet says, recalling the memory.

I smile at the memory.

"You can't always judge someone off of their appearance. Or in the quote version: 'Don't judge a book by its cover.'"

"There is lot of truth in that." Soviet said.

I nod my head in agreement.

"Well, you can head bed and I'll clean up hot chocolate mugs." Soviet says, standing up from the sofa and grabbing the mugs.

"O-Okay."
Back to stuttering now, are we?

"Not worry, I'm not mile away or something like that, just in different room." Soviet says reassuringly.

I'm honestly embarrassed about being scared, but I've already realised I have no control over my emotions.

I give Soviet a gentle nod before walking off to the room I'm staying in. I fiddle with my hands as I walk along.

As soon as I get into the room and on the bed it doesn't take long before I'm passed out. As if I completely forgot about my fear due to the sudden tiredness.

I wonder when Britain will stop being clueless.

I just feel like there are a few mistakes or one mistake in this chapter... just feel ... so... I apologise if there are/is.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1842

Chapter 17

I wake up in the night to a sound. I bolt up in the bed and look around the room.

I don't know if the sound was in my head or real but either way, I'm pretty terrified.

I clench onto the blanket as I sit in silence, still staring around the dark room.

I lean to the bedside table and switch on the light. I sigh in relief as the room becomes brightly lit instead of gloomily dark.

As I go back to sitting straight in posture I hear a bang which sounds like something hitting wood.
I flinch at the sound.

The cabin is wood, is someone trying to get in?
No Britain, you're just scared because of the stupid movie.
But it was scary because it could actually happen...

Come on Britain, you used to be the one that scared everyone else for goodness sake.
But...
Then I got weak... and people started getting their small revenge on me because..... I'm a horrible country. Or was... but nobody seemed to care for my change. I don't blame them. Forgiving someone can be a hard thing to do...

But that gives even more reason for someone to try and get to me and do, I don't know what.
Well, thanks to the movie the first thing I think is murder but... I don't wanna think about that.

Another bang.

I clench harder onto the blanket.

Think logical, Britain.
You're completely safe, you just don't feel safe.
What makes you feel safe?

I let out a sigh as I think of the answer to that question.

...Company...

I slowly crawl to the edge of the bed. I take a deep breath before quickly swinging my legs off the bed and standing straight up, clenching both my hands together freezing on the spot as I look around once more.

I'll take the fact that nothing grabbed my leg from under the bed as a sign that it is safe.

I cautiously make my way to the bedroom door. I hesitate at grabbing the handle.

I'm a full grown man... too scared to do anything right now...

"You coward..." I mutter under my breath.

Can't do it... too scared.

I was about to head back to the bed when the bedside light turned off without warning and the room plunged back into darkness.

I let out a small scared yelp before swiftly opening the bedroom door and shutting it quickly behind me before speed walking even faster over to Soviets bedroom door, repeating every single curse word I know in my head as I do so.

I open Soviets door flipping on the light switch on the wall for the room as I enter and promptly shut the door holding it in place waiting to see if anything followed. Even though I have no idea if there is anything I'm just too paranoid right now.

I let out a long sigh as no noise can be heard.

"Britain?"

I jump at Soviets voice turning around to face him.

I instantly calm down as I see him, already feeling more safer with someone else being present.

He still had his eyepatch on. I imagine he has it on his bedside table and put it on while I was focusing on keeping the door closed.

"Hey Soviet." I say with an awkward smile and the tiniest hint of a tremble in my voice.

"What are doing?" Soviet asks.

"I... um..." I struggle to form the words due to my dumb embarrassment. "I'm... quite scared..." I say truthfully.

"Aw, Baby Britain need some company?" Soviet teases.

The teasing annoys me as I am generally scared.

"I wouldn't be scared if it weren't for the stupid movie *you* put on!" I say a lot more harshly than I had wanted which I quite quickly regret.

"Sorry..." I mutter.

"It's fine, I kind of deserved it and is true." Soviet says with a shrug.

I sigh with relief.
I thought he would of taken that worse than he did but I'm glad he didn't.

"You might want to move away from the door before someone bursts through." Said Soviet.

"Don't say that!" I say with a slight yelp and quickly move away from the door.

My gaze stays on the door for a while before drifting to Soviet.

He sits crossed legged on his bed with an amused smile on his face.

"Guess I don't know why I felt you might take it seriously..." I

mutter, looking away from him.

"Нет, Britain I... I was just being a jerk, I promise to take it seriously now." Soviet says sorrily.

I look back towards him. I didn't think he would get that upset over my words. He genuinely looks sorry and it makes me feel quite guilty.

"It's okay, I am being a bit of a baby anyway." I say with a non-realistic and nervous sounding laugh.

"No, it normal for everyone get scared and you got even more reason be." Said Soviet.

I jump as the same banging noise can be heard. I go closer to Soviets bed, feeling scared again.

Soviet hums in thought.

"Does appear something happening." He mutters. "I'm sure is nothing." He says with a smile like everything's alright.

I have to admit the smile calms me down but I can't shake the fear away.

"It doesn't sound like nothing." I almost whimper and curse at myself for doing so.

I don't like feeling vulnerable, especially showing that vulnerability to someone else.

"Well, it no nothing, it something, but that something, can assume, is harmless." Soviet reassures.

"You don't know that." I respond.

"That true, but what do I know? What do *you* know? How do you know it something? How do you know it harmful? How do you know should be scared of it? How—"

"Alright, alright, I get it..." I interrupt Soviet, crossing my arms

uncomfortably.

"Do you?" Soviet asks me with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes. Don't jump to conclusions." I say to him in an annoyed tone.
I feel like a child.
Well, I suppose I am acting like one...

"Now what am I meant do about you being scared?" Soviet asks.

I look towards him then decide not to as I can feel a slight embarrassment forming. It's such a childish thing, honestly.

"Well...Uh..." I mutter, not quite knowing what to say.

"Ah, right." Soviet says, nodding his head. "I promised to protect you because I am the muscles." Soviet then jokingly flex's which earns a small chuckle from me.

I don't pay *full* attention to his joking flex because I know my brain will go on a dumb tangent about the... muscles.
I could cringe at the thoughts I think on that subject, but I don't for now.

"I can't protect you from that far away." Soviet states pointing at the distance I stand from the bed.

I just stare, glancing between the gap and Soviet.

"You can come closer, I don't bite~" Soviet says, changing his tone at the end.

I didn't like the tone change at the end.
I didn't like that I liked it.
Too much.

But it also gives me a sense of confusion as to why Soviet's speaking like that.
I can think about it another time.

"Okay." I mutter and walk towards the bed.

I climb on the bed opposite Soviet, sitting crossed legged while facing him. He fixes his posture, sitting straighter up.

"So," Soviet starts. "Are you tired?"

"Not anymore." I respond.

"Okay." Soviet says and pauses to think about something. "Are you still scared?"

I fiddle with my hands, still embarrassed of the, what I see to be, childish fear.

"... Yes." I eventually say.

"Right, What makes you happy?" Soviet asks.

Are we doing a questionnaire, or what?

"Um..." I think about his question carefully.

What does make me happy?

"Reading, drinking tea, talking to someone who... actually cares... I guess." I say a bit unsurely.

I've been stuck in a negative mindset for a long time up until staying with Soviet. So I find it hard to think about positive things when I view them all in a pessimistic way.

"Well, you can talk me." Soviet says with a reassuring smile. "I definitely care."

I feel I can trust Soviets words. Even if I have a slight fear in trusting others words because of what I've experienced, just Soviets smile and tone is enough for me.
It is reassuring and calming.
And I really like that feeling.

"Ah... thank you." I say quite embarrassed, not really sure what else to say.

"You seem nervous." Soviet says.

"U-Um, No?" I say, definitely, clearly and absolutely nervous.

"You are one of most terrible liars I have seen." Soviet says with an almost unimpressed look.

"It's not my fault I'm nervous." I say back defensively.

"Well, why are you nervous?" Soviet asks.

I slightly freeze at his question.

I'm nervous but I can't specifically name a reason why.

"Well... all the strange noises and that, it must of just made me nervous." I say.

"Hm, I would of thought someone nervous that situation would react differently..." Soviet mutters.

"What do you mean by that?" I ask him, getting slightly annoyed at his observations and pushing questions.

"You're blushing quite a lot." Soviet states.

"Uh—!"
Those words slightly caught me off guard.

Only now do I feel the heat on my face that seems to increase at Soviets words. The feeling seems to swirl like a tornado in my stomach. Don't ask me why, certain feelings are hard to explain, and this is definitely one of them.

Soviet quietly chuckles at my reaction to which does not help me in my attempts to calm myself. I give him a glare in which I spot something.

"Well, you are also blushing." I say smugly, hoping to lift a weight of my shoulders.

"What—?" Soviet said and reaches up like he was going to pull the

flaps of his ushanka to cover his face only to realise he's not wearing it.

This seems to put him into more panic which he tries to cover up but there's not much he can think of to do so.

Two panicking, blushing men in a bedroom.
What a strange experience.

And what a strange feeling.

This is all I could manage to write with my motivation... I am exhausted but will most likely still stay up until three in the morning tonight because that's what I do.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1763

Chapter 18

The two countries, once getting over embarrassing each other, talked the night away.

Sleep did eventually fall upon both of them, however, they managed to keep their distance on the bed even if both were asleep.

Maybe a few times one would roll the wrong way and they'd get close, or a hand would cross over the others, but nothing other than that.

.....

My eyes slowly begin to open as I escape from my slumber.

As my vision focuses, I see Soviet sitting staring towards me. I have to admit that scared me but I stopped myself from flinching or jumping off the bed.

"You are finally awake." Soviet says as if he's bored.

I begin to sit up on the bed.

"I fell asleep, then?" I ask Soviet, while rubbing my eyes tiredly.

"We both did." Soviet replies nonchalantly.

Me on the other hand, I begin to panic.

We... We slept in the same bed... holy cheesecakes, curse my tiredness, I didn't even realise.

I try to cover up this embarrassment as best as I can without making it obvious which is proven harder with my reddening face.

God, why am I like this?

Soviet begins to get off the bed and walk towards the bedroom

door.

"Where are you going?" I ask him.

I'm in my stage of not wanting to be left alone again.

"To see what banging last night was." Soviet answers my question.

"I-I'll come with you." I stutter.

My stutter is really beginning to get on my nerves.

"Ok." Soviet says with a small smile.

I get off the bed and catch up to Soviet, us both leaving the room when he opens the door.

I stay close to Soviet as we walk, still kind of scared and expecting something to jump out at us from hiding any minute.

I'm beginning to really dislike horror movies...

Soviet first checks all the rooms in the hall with me peering over his shoulder at times nervously fiddling at the tension festering within me.

Soviet didn't see anything out of the ordinary so we leave the hall for the largest room of the house.

Nothing is out of the ordinary there either.

I feel a slight relief in that, though some paranoia still lingers.

"Nothing in cabin, I check outside now." Soviet says as he walks to the front door.

Hesitantly, I follow after.

Outside snow still lays on the ground but there is more snow than the other days we've been outside, at least from what I can tell. The sun isn't too high in the sky and it still shines its golden hue around the opening that reflects off the snow.

The snow crunches under Soviets feet as he walks. He doesn't seem scared at all.

Either he's just really good at covering up his fear or he's just not scared easily.
I'd definitely say the second one with him putting that movie on.
'it's good film' yeah, keeping me up most of the night... I'm getting irritated now...

Soviet circles round the cabin, me still trailing behind.

As we reach the back of the cabin we can see a large pine tree has fallen down, it being tall enough to have hit the cabin but not causing any serious damage from what I can see from where I stand.

"Well that would explain banging." Soviet says, gesturing towards the large tree. "Must've been storm, knock down tree and branches bang off cabin making banging noise inside..." Soviet adds on, muttering to himself.

I wonder how Soviet never got woken up from the banging?
His room is diagonal to the room I'm staying in which is further away from the wall which the tree banged into so maybe it was just minuscule to what it was in my room.
But even then, we both heard the banging when I had walked into his room.
I guess he is just a heavy sleeper.
Wait, but— you know what, I'll think about it later.

"Oh..." I mutter myself, staring at the tree then turning to Soviet.

Soviet turns to face me with that look he gives me that so far I've learned means he's going to mess with me.

"See?" He starts. "Nothing to be scared of."
He then ruffles my hair.

I flinch at the sudden action and get chills from it. I don't like the sensation of that... well... I can't tell if I disliked it or not, but that's besides the point. It was just weird.

"You have soft hair." Soviet hums.

"And you have no concept of personal space." I mumble.

Soviet then leans down to my height, our faces uncomfortably close.

"Why does that matter?" Soviet asks quietly.

I tense up at this. Soviets actions are quite strange. It's making me... uncomfortable?

"Because it makes me uncomfortable." I say.

I want to move back or away from Soviet but I don't. Like an invisible force holds me in place.

Soviet leans back up, standing straight again and I mentally sigh in relief.

"In what way?" Soviet presses on.

He seems to enjoy questioning me on a lot of things.
He should become a game show host at this point.

The question does kind of take me off guard but that seems to just annoy me.

"I... don't know... it's... it's not important anyway!" I slightly snap back.

Soviet hums in suspicion.

He then seems to be thinking hard of something, like it causes him annoyance.

If he asks me another question, I swear...

"What is топор in English again?" He says aloud.

I stare at Soviet, not understanding.

"Pardon?"

"What is топор in English?" Soviet repeats.

How am I even meant to know the answer to that?
Did he also just completely ignore the current topic of conversation we were having?

"I... I don't understand Russian?" I say in a questioning tone.

"Нет you don't." Soviet mutters annoyedly. "It used cut trees." Soviet says in hope of me understanding.

"Chainsaw?" I ask.

"Нет." Soviet responds.

"An axe?"

"Да! That is word!" Soviet exclaims.

"You're going to cut the branches off the tree." I say.

"Да, I don't have proper equipment move entire tree so cutting branches that bang against cabin is all I can do for now." Soviet said. "It should work fine." He adds on.

It's a good thing we didn't watch The Shining. I remember my son, when we were still close, made me watch that film and I developed a fear of axes. I was then targeted for pranks by my other son who had a fake foam one, and when I took that away, he got a fake wooden one which looked even more realistic.
I kinda of miss having to deal with that chaotic child.

You don't realise how much you loved something until it's gone.
Never has that sentence become more realistic to me than these days.
Much more realistic than that toy axe, matter of fact.

"I'll go get axe now. Quicker start, sooner done." Soviet says and begins to walk through the snow back to the front of the cabin.

"Okay." I mutter and stay where I stand.

Soviet seems a bit confused at me not following behind him but continues anyway.

I sigh.
Now I just can't seem to stop thinking about my family.
Or what used to be of my family.

I'm a horrible father. I had kids when it was pretty obvious the relationship wasn't even working that great... They shouldn't of had to of been put through a divorce.

I really wonder why mine and my wife's relationship just didn't work.
Cause at the point I'm at right now I don't think I could ever say I was truly, fully in love with her. It almost seemed like a fake love. Like if you make up that you had a crush on someone in school to fit in with your friends and got really into the act, thinking you actually had a crush on them and forgetting it was an act.
That's the easiest way I could put into words.

But why was it like that?

I just can't put my finger on it.

I can then hear Soviets footsteps crunching in the snow which pulls me out of my thoughts to turn towards him.

He carries a simple axe in one hand and in the other is the dark grey coat I've worn the last few days.
He also now has his same coat on.

Soviet reaches the spot I stand and hands me the coat.

"Thanks." I say while taking the coat and begin to put it on.

"There is only one axe," Soviet says. "But is okay, I fine doing this myself."

"Oh, are you sure?" I question Soviet.

I'd feel kind of guilty just not helping, but then I'd probably mess everything up if I did.

That's what other countries used to say back at meetings as an excuse to deny my assistance.

Soviet gives me that look, you know, the 'I'm about to mess with you' look.

"Of course I sure. I am 'The Muscles' after all." Soviet says with another joke flex.

This time I find myself quite indulged in the flex. After all it's kind of hard not to, Soviet has got some muscles.
...
...
...
Oh, not this fiasco again...

I shake my head, as a response, and to get these thoughts out of my head.

Soviet smiles then turns to the tree.

"I start now." He says.

He walks around the tree, stepping over it to get to the other side and inspect that part, too.
Once he seems to of found the right branch he begins to lift the axe and chop at the tree.

It's a strong swing. So strong Soviet nearly cuts the branch off in one go, and I'm quite impressed by that. I like to consider myself strong, or at least I use to, but I don't think I'd be able to do that. Even his stance seems strong. A perfect form.

I watch him bring down the axe strongly again and the axe goes straight through as the branch is chopped off the tree.

Soviet glances up to me.

"Easy." He says with the smile of a show off.

I gently smile in return.

Soviet moves onto his next branch of choice, bringing the axe down upon it strongly like before.

I watch intently. It's satisfying to watch the branch be perfectly cut. The axe cutting through it with Soviet's strength. His strong stance. His tight grip. His graceful swing.

It's... bewitching.

I've always admired strength in another. Well... that's a lie, not always, it's just something about Soviet's. I've never been so fascinated by someone as much as Soviet.

I'm almost thoughtless as I watch him, focused on his movements.

He'd probably think I'd look creepy with the way I'm staring but he's concentrated on the tree right now.

I look away for a bit as I'm puzzled on something.

It came with the realisation of just how weird this situation is, just how weird I'm acting.
I'm puzzled on the cause.
And I ponder on it for a while in that moment.

I just forget about it for now going back to watching Soviet. He's done a really good job so far. He seems pretty tired too, which is why he's slowed down a bit.

He gets through another branch before stopping and panting for a bit, leaning on the wooden handle of axe.

He pauses doing his thinking thing again. He seems to think through everything quite carefully.

He then takes off his coat, chucking it on the snowy ground not too far away from him.

That action actually made me nervous. Don't ask why, I will not be able to word an answer.

After that, he continues to go back to chopping the tree.

It's a long process apparently, and I still have a bit of guilt in me for not helping.

The removal of Soviet's coat seemed to only reveal his form more.

And I'm captivated by it.

Every swing is more entertaining.

Soviet gets through the last few branches, finally cutting through the last one.

He tiredly sighs, moving the branch to the pile he's made.

"I'll deal with that later." He mutters, before walking over to me.

I still stand in the same spot.

"You watch whole thing." Soviet says in a bit of disbelief as he reaches me.

"Yep." I reply nonchalantly.

Definitely not feeling nonchalant.

"Hm, well, I think is time to eat something." Soviet says.

"Yes." I say happily in reply.

We both walk back to the cabin, staring a conversation on the subject of food.
Happily conversing to each other.

Sorry this chapter took a while, I was dealing with school stress but I'm

back now and am as exhausted as ever!

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2157

Chapter 19

The amazing chef—a.k.a. Soviet—had this time made omelettes. I like omelettes but I wouldn't say they're a favourite dish of mine.

I don't know how Soviet did it but they taste great. If I tried to make omelettes... well... you might as well set something on fire, slap it on a plate and there wouldn't be much difference. Taste or look.

Even though the omelettes are amazing in taste, I eat them slowly. I just can't stop thinking about my... family, would be the easiest word to describe it but it doesn't feel right saying it because it just... seems or feels wrong, I guess.

I pick at the omelette while thinking about my two youngest. I had not seen them again since the day they left. The memory of them even seems blurry. I can't remember their eye colour... wow... what a father I am...

Then my two eldest. I do hope they're looking after each other. I know where one of them moved but the other is a mystery to me. Heh... such a *great* father, your kid doesn't even want to tell you where they live...
Maybe they've found a partner. I wouldn't know. I wouldn't even know if their partner would of heard of me... and even so, if they had it would probably be in a negative way.

I do hope they find someone to love... I hope they don't end up like their parents. Like... my wife and me. I don't want them to go through that.

If they do, I'd want them to take it the way my wife took it. She was able to move on with no regret.

Haha, *regret*.

Move on without falling into a *spiral*.
Without being able to *sleep*.
Being blamed isn't easy. She was the victim, huh?
She was the *victim*...
Neglected. Please. She didn't *want* to spend time with me.
Maybe that's why I never truly loved her.
Why it didn't always feel right or like it wasn't working.
Or... maybe... I was the problem...
Did?... did I neglect her?
Was... I doing something wrong without realising?
I just... I just didn't feel how I should of felt... okay?
I don't know why I never loved who I was supposed to love.
I don't know why I believed I was in love.
Looking back at it makes my head feel weird because I can easily see that it was in my head. The love.
Is love really that tricky?
Is that why I'd get shouted at because I didn't love who I was paired with that time around?
I... I don't know...
I don't ever know...
And I'm so confused.
I'm confused about what I feel.
When I'm around Soviet.
Because that's what I *thought* I felt.
... When I was with my wife.

"Britain? Are you okay? You no like food, I can make something else?"

I blink hard as I come back to reality.

I can feel my eyes are on the verge of tears and I'm thankful I didn't end up crying.
Though now I think about it, I could do with crying.

I quickly glance at my plate to see I've forcefully stabbed the omelette with my fork.
Guess I got kind of mad in my head.

"Ah! No! I just got caught up in my thoughts again!" I quickly exclaim, not wanting Soviet to feel his food is bad.

"Oh..." Soviet mutters.

He is silent for a bit before taking a big sigh.

"Be truthful, Britain," Soviet starts. "Are you okay?"

"I'm..." I trail off.

I can't just lie and say 'I'm fine' he's genuinely asked me.

"I'm..." I mutter.

How am I supposed to explain it?

"...I'm..." I mutter even quieter.

It's at this point I kind of just decide to break.

"I'm a horrible father." I say and place my head in my hands.
I know it's only one of my thoughts but I can't go over everything... that's too much.

"No you aren't—"

"How would you know." I cut Soviet off.

Soviet falls silent.

"Because I'm father." He says. "And I'm even worse than you."

I lift my head from my hands at that.

"No y—"

"How would you know?"

I fall silent.

"I... I see your point..." I mutter.

"I'm glad." Soviet said. "Like I said before, I no like it when you sad."

His words give me a sense of nervousness. Not in a horrible 'I feel

sick' or scared way, but in an almost nice way.

"You eat now?" Soviet questions.

"Ah, I'm not too hungry." I respond.

I don't think I could eat with the feeling in my stomach. If I did I think I might be sick. I think.

Food isn't a necessity for countries anyway. It only becomes a necessity if your country is starving; in a famine. That's so the country themselves know, and the countries around them. It's so we can identify problems.

I have noticed how Soviet seems to behave at the mention of food but he does seem to ignore the fact he is hungry.

I need to stop analysing others so much... Or just Soviet. Yeah, I analyse him too much.

...

...

Dammit now I'm thinking about the muscles thing again...

"Okay, that fine." Soviet says then goes to grab mine and his plate, taking it to the sink per usual.

I take the short moment to try and process the thoughts in my head. I think about way too many things at the same time.

It's probably why I can be so clumsy. I'll be thinking about multiple things and while trying to focus on it all, I'll walk into a door.

Though I have a problem with focusing on too many things, I also have a problem of ignoring things or hiding them, I suppose.

One is causing me a lot of trouble.
It occasionally pops into my head and I almost instantly try to get rid of it. I don't really have a reason to, but I do it anyway.

It's just... if I take the time to actually contemplate it... no, I just shouldn't bother.

Soviet lets out a sigh.

"I'm tired after chopping all wood." He says.

"I could imagine." I respond.

I still feel guilty about not helping, but I think I would of been a bit too distracted anyway.

"How about we watch another horror movie?" Soviet asks smugly.

"No!" I respond quickly.

Soviet slightly covers his mouth as he chuckles.

"I was just joking." He manages to say.

I give him an unimpressed look.

"Alright, alright, that wasn't cool of me." Soviet says, stopping his chuckles.

I grumpily rest my chin in my hands and proceed to cover the small smile on my face as I look towards Soviet.

"We still watch movie though?" He asks.

"Sure." I reply. "Just... not scary?"

"Not scary." Soviet repeats with a nod.

"To the sofa then!" I happily yell and jump up from my seat.

It gets a small chuckle out of Soviet and I smile at that.

We both head over to the sofas and sit in the same places we sat last time.

"You can pick movie this time." Soviet says as he grabs the TV remote.

"Hmm..." I think to myself.

"Any movies you like?" Soviet asks, scrolling through the different channels.

I continue to think before thinking of something.

"Love, Simon." I say.

"You like that film?" Soviet asks while looking towards me.

"It's a well done movie and... it might help me right now." I slightly mutter the last part.

Soviet looks a bit confused at the last part but continues to search up the movie.

He finds it and selects play.

I watch the movie quite intently.

Or, look like I'm watching the movie intently as I'm actually not paying too much attention to it, I just think it's a good thing to have on in the background for what I've been thinking about recently.

The movie eventually ends with the credits playing on the screen.

It took me a while to even realise it was just the credits and the movie was over.

Come to think of it, I wonder why Soviet didn't stop the movie.
I lean forward in my seat to look at him and I see him asleep.

Guess he really was tired from chopping that fallen over tree.

I let out a sigh as I stand up and grab the remote, turning the TV off.

I place the remote down on the table between the sofas before walking over to the sleeping Soviet.

"Soviet." I half whisper while tapping his shoulder.

I would just let him sleep but I know sleeping on the sofa is going to cause him to have a sore neck and he doesn't need that.

"Soviet." I say louder.

Soviet quickly jumps awake and I steady him as he does so, instinctually holding onto his shoulder in comfort.
One of my kids—when everything was okay—had nightmares very often and I would regularly have to wake them up to which they'd jolt awake, clearly scared. I got use to having to hold onto them gently for them to be able to calm down before talking about it, if they wanted to.

So my first reaction with the way Soviet woke up was to do that because I was so used to it but I managed to keep it to just holding onto his shoulder.

"Ax, sorry I fell asleep..." Soviet mutters while rubbing his eye.

"That's okay." I say with a soft smile.

Soviet moves his hand away to look at me properly only just noticing me gripping onto his shoulder gently to which another red quickly makes an appearance on his face.

I feel a bit of awkwardness in his reaction.

"Heh, sorry." I quietly mutter and move my hand off his shoulder and take a step back.

"Is fine." Soviet nervously replies.

Not this nervousness situation again...

There is an awkward silence.

"I think you should head to bed and get some sleep. You worked hard with chopping the tree today, rest would be good." I say and break the silence.

"Да, I am tired." Soviet says.

He stands up from the sofa.

"You will be going bed as well?" He asks.

"Uh, yeah." I slightly mutter.

Soviet raises an eyebrow.

"You sound unsure." He says.

I nervously fiddle with my sleeve.

I should just be honest, right?
I can trust Soviet... right?
He's not like the other countries.

"I'm feeling the same as the time you found me crying, just for more reasons." I say truthfully.

Soviet gives me a concerned look but I don't happen to notice as I don't face towards him, scared I might burst into tears.
I'm quite an emotional person, now that I think about it.

"Do need me stay with you?" Soviet asks.

His question makes me tense, I don't know why I have to feel this way.

"You don't need to, just maybe cover your ears while your sleeping cause I'm pretty emotional, if that's the right word to describe it." I respond, glancing towards him for a few seconds.

"I can't help you if don't tell me what's wrong." Soviet says.

I stay silent.

I don't know what to do, honestly.

"Sit back down and can go over it slowly?" Soviet suggests.

Still staying silent, I sit down on the sofa; Soviet doing the same and sitting beside me.

(*Don't know if I used that semi-colon right but we're just gonna roll with it.*)

"So, if you were describe how feel right now in one word, what would be?" Soviet asks.

That's an interesting question, not too sure where he's going with this.

"Confused?" I respond in probably the most confused tone of voice.

"Good start. What you confused about?" Soviet inquires.

"Everything." I answer simply.

"Uh, maybe just one thing?" Soviet says, unsure where to take the last answer.

I think about it for a bit.

I'm not sure if I want to tell Soviet. Thinking about telling him makes me feel scared. Is that normal?

Abrupt stop in chapter because it's getting long and I need to give you patient people something to read instead of being lazy and just playing on Sky instead of writing—

Hope you liked this chapter.

We're definitely getting somewhere, especially next chapter. Yes, be excited.

I know about the raids. Do not know if they're real or fake but flip it, this book shall stay.

I'm writing too much—

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2103

Chapter 20

At lines like this below
⬇
—

It means I'm quickly switching to third person because it was easier to write that way.
For the parts that are not third person, it shall be in Britain's POV.
I also just want to warn that these switches are very random, so sorry about that.
———————————————————————

"I..." I try to say it but trail off.

"It okay." Soviet reassures.

I stay silent before finally taking control of my nerves and speak.

"My emotions, Soviet." I say.

I didn't expect for tears to begin to form as those words left my mouth, but I guess I can't control how I feel.

"Hey, hey." Soviet soothes. "Emotions are confusing—"

"I'm not just confused! I'm questioning so much! Too much! It's too much!" I yell.

I don't know the cause of this sudden burst of feelings but I can't seem to grasp myself at this point of time.

"Just... go over slowly." Soviet says, trying his hardest but is clearly in slight panic at my state.

That just sends me further down in feelings.

I'm thinking about too much and it's causing too much. I can't even focus on one thing before I move onto another and scenarios constantly flash in my head before disappearing just as fast as they came.

"I miss my children," I begin to slowly go over like Soviet said. "I fear of what they think of me everyday. I fear if they don't think of me at all. The memory of them seems like another life that I can barely remember living."

"That is normal feeling for that situation." Soviet says calmly. "I know exactly feeling and experience, so you talk me about and we can get through those thoughts together."

I nod slowly at Soviets words. They were very much comforting.

"Do... do you think anyone even cares that I'm gone?" I ask Soviet.

It's a thought that's been plaguing me for a long time. I've only ever wanted to feel like someone cared for me and the thought that no one does scares me.

That's why when Soviet says he cares it really helps me. And he does, he really does. That's why I feel warmly of him... and care greatly back.

"Of course." Soviet says. "Well... I don't know how they felt towards you and there always be jerks who don't care but if they're just going give you attention to only be jerk towards you, it's not worth giving them the attention or acknowledgement."

"I... I guess you're right." I mutter.

I stay silent and begin to fiddle with my sleeve.
I feel highly anxious.

"There's something else, isn't there?" Soviet says.

I still stay silent, making no eye contact.

"Britain please, I'm worried about you." Soviet says with care.

Those words seem to burst my thin bubble of comfort because I begin to have a rising feeling of panic, building in my stomach.

"I can't..." I mumble at barely audible volume.

"You can." Soviet says.

"No, I can't. No no. I'm sorry—I just..." I trail off.

"It's okay." Soviet says attempting to give me reassurance.

"Really?" I say, looking towards Soviet. "I don't feel okay. Not in the slightest. I'm panicking for little to no reason. Actually... there is reason but I always push it away and refuse it but I can't. It comes back and won't leave me alone. I shouldn't have thoughts like that, but I do. I'm confused at... I don't even know, just confused! It seems like the right word... but it doesn't cover what I feel. How do I explain how I feel?"

I begin to shake but barely notice, too busy with the thoughts racing in my head. I can't stop.

"Britain, please calm down." Soviet says.

He reaches out and grabs onto my hand but it just seems to panic me further.

I look directly at Soviet and he looks back at me.

"Soviet... I think I... I... I can't do it." I stop as the feeling in my chest spirals so much it begins to make me feel sick.

Too much is happening and this sudden feeling that goes against everything I thought, and was taught, and knew, it's just too much.

"Britain, please..." Soviet says gently.

He rests his other hand on my shoulder.

What is he doing?
Does he know?
He seems to.

He always does this.
It's why I feel this.

I try to speak but close my mouth.
God, I wish I had more confidence.

"You can tell anything." Soviet says reassuringly.

That seems to trigger something in me as the spiral gets to an unbearable point.

"But I can't! I don't know, it's too hard and I-I can't. I just can't. I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't..."

—

Britain continues to repeat those words and Soviet becomes panicked in not knowing what to do.

He can see the country is visibly upset and that hurts his heart. He wants Britain to feel better, that will make him feel better too, but everything is going too fast a pace to properly think.

'Think *of something, Soviet. Think of something fast, he's upset, making you upset, he won't stop talking how do you stop him so you can calm him?*
...
...
Fuck it.'

Britain was then cut off in, to him, the most shocking way possible.

Seemingly overwhelmed and not having a clue what to do Soviet did the one thing he could think of to quieten the panicking country.

—

I'm suddenly silenced during my repetitive panic of words by the covering of my mouth. Not with a hand but...
Soviets lips.

I'm honestly so gobsmacked I don't know how to react but I certainly don't push Soviet away.
It's almost... nice?

Soviet eventually pulls away and seems almost dazed before coming to a realisation in which he reddens deeply and seems to panic.

I just stare at him frozen as I think about what just happened.

"I-I'm sorry! I was just pressured and you wouldn't stop and I don't like seeing you upset and—!"

—

It's Soviets turn to get cut off as Britain pulls Soviet back in and connects their lips again.

Both their hearts race in sync at the close comfort of the other.

The kiss is not as long, as they pull apart, but it certainly felt long to the two countries.

"It's... alright." Britain says to Soviet, both of them still close to each other. "I liked it."

Soviet smiles, feeling relief at those words. He thought he'd messed everything up but hearing that brought such relief.

"I'm so sorry—" Soviet apologises again but is cut off by Britain.

"I already told you it's alright. You have a weird way of panicking, though, you might want to change that."

"Да, but, you liked, did not?" Soviet says, leaning closer.

"Yes, I did." Britain said. "And it caused me a lot of confusion." He adds on.

"Aren't you confused about everything right now?" Soviet responds.

"No... Now I know the thing I was questioning for a while." Britain says almost nervously.

"Oh?" Soviet says curiously.

"I like guys. My relationship didn't work out because I was never interested in my wife but was too dumb to realise it, but she did, and kinda took that and dealt with it in the wrong way—in my opinion at least. But... I like guys, Soviet. And, I like you." Britain says with a lot of emotion.

"R-Really?" Soviet says dumbfounded.
Pretty much forgetting the two literally just kissed.

"Yeah." Britain reply's softly.

"I like you too." Soviet says fondly.

"Can I—?"

"Hug me?" Soviet cuts off Britain.

"Yeah." Britain answers happily.

Soviet opens up his arms and with no more words Britain hugs the country.

—

I fall into Soviet and hug him tenderly; he hugs me back.

This hug feels more special than any other. I feel comforted and just happy. That's what Soviet makes me feel.
Just being with him is enough to give me butterflies in my stomach.

"I'm so tired." Soviet quietly says.

"Me too." I respond.

"So tired could just sleep here." Soviet mumbles.

"There's no problem with that." I reply.

The warmth of the hug is soothing and I could very much fall asleep right at this moment as well.

"That's true."

There is a short pause as Soviet seems to decide what he's going to do.

"Goodnight." He eventually says.

"Night." I reply.

There is another small silence.

"... I love you."

"... I love you too..."

Heh,heh, what a rollercoaster that was.

Now I feel like I'm taking the relationship too fast but I couldn't resist alright—
Don't lie, you were waiting for it too—

Don't have much else to say except the usual of hoping you enjoyed the chapter.

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1476

Chapter 21

Soviets POV

I slowly wake up. The light of the room hurts my eyes but I quickly adjust.
Guess I can already tell it's morning.

I look down to find UK still asleep in my arms.

Last night felt too good to be true, but thankfully it was.

I hold onto UK, letting him sleep for a little bit longer.

I never thought I'd move on from my husband but this country flipped that around and I'm glad he did.

That moment last night where he pulled me back into a kiss was probably the most shocking and euphoric moment of my life, since my mournful isolation.

The thought of it wants to make me kiss Britain right now but that's probably too much romance.

I should probably wake him up, just to set myself free from this hug. Not that I want to leave it.

I look down to Britain who rests comfortably against my chest while embracing me.

He's too cute for my heart to take at times.

"Heya, Britain." I say softly and stroke his hair in an attempt to wake him up.

Luckily he wakes up first time, slowly fluttering his eyes open.

He looks up to make eye contact with me and smiles.

"Hey, Soviet." He says tiredly.

"Kind of got me trapped here." I joke, referencing our embrace.

"Yeah, I do." Britain slightly laughs.

We finally move away from each other and stand up to both stretch.

"That probably wasn't the best position to fall asleep in." Britain's says.

"Yeah." I agree. "But was too nice to notice consequence."

"That's true."Britain responds.

"I think we deserve a celebratory breakfast with..." I signal my hand for Britain to finish the sentence.

"Pancakes?" He questions.

"Pancakes!" I exclaim in confirmation.

Britain smiles brightly at that.

How could I not fall in love with this country.

As usual, I begin to cook the pancakes. This time I get Britain to make them with me and it seems as though he's already forgotten what I had taught him about making pancakes or he feels he's going to mess up every second and wants me to elaborate on everything single thing.
I don't mind though, it's a rewarding process.
We kind of joke around while making them and at one point Britain had stolen my ushanka but I got it back quickly.

We finish making the pancakes and sit down at our usual seats, sitting across from one another.
Both of us begin to eat.

"Soviet," Britain says, earning my attention.

"Yeah?" I ask as I look towards him.

"Thank you." Britain says.

"For what?" I ask, a bit confused.

"For... Everything." He says.

I smile and reach out to hold Britain's hand in my own.

"Is least I could do for someone who makes me so happy." I say. "And is *veeeery* cute." I add on to tease Britain.

"I'm not." Britain says, sternly looking towards me but he fails to hold the eye contact which tells me I succeeded in making him embarrassed.

"But you really are." I say in amusement.

Britain removes his hand from mine to cross his arms.

"Am not." He says in annoyance.

"Are too." I say with a smile.

"Am not."

"Are too."

"Am not."

"Are too."

"Am not."

"Are too."

"Shut up."

"You'll have to kiss me." I say as a small joke about what happened last night.

You know, Me panicking and Britain not shutting up so I kissed him to stop him from speaking... damn I'm weird.

"Fine." Britain says annoyedly and he brings his knees up on top of his chair to lean across the table and quickly kiss me.

He goes back to sit in his seat like nothing happened but he has a deep red blush on his face.

I just sit in my seat processing the kiss.
I didn't actually expect him to do it, I was really just joking.

"That worked well." Britain says.

I look towards Britain.

"Yeah, I didn't really expect it." I say admittedly.

"But you asked for it?" Britain questions.

"I still didn't expect it." I say.

"Oh, like you didn't expect this?" Britain says.

Before I can think about what he said, Britain snatched my ushanka that, at this point, I forgot I was wearing.

"Hey!" I shout and try and grab it but he pulls his hand away too fast.

This is the second time he's stolen my ushanka within an hour at least. I can't tell if he's trying to mess with me or wants a ushanka. Maybe it's to replace his murdered top hat.

I stand up from my seat and Britain does the same. I go to walk around the table to get to his side and Britain backs away from the table, holding onto the ushanka. I stop as I notice this and he smiles innocently.

"I see." I mutter.

There is a few moments of stillness before I go and run towards Britain to which he instantly runs as well, away from me.

I chase him round the room. He runs in the direction of the front

door I chase closely behind him but he slides on the floor and starts to run towards the sofas instead to which I loose him a bit changing my direction. He reaches the sofas and goes around the first one to run to the second one and stopping behind it to glance back at me before continuing to run as he sees I'm not stopping and don't plan on doing so.

I continue to chase after him, us both skidding on the wooden floors in an attempt to get away and catch up to each other. It eventually gets tiring and Britain stops at one side of the sofa with me on the opposite side, the sofa acting like a barrier that stops us from running to the other.

"You fool." I mutter tiredly while looking at Britain.

"What—?" Britain questions but is cut off when I run and jump over the sofa.

Britain, considerably surprised, tries to run off but I was faster with my jump and as I land I reach out and grasp onto his shirt, pulling him back with me as we both land on the sofa.
As soon as we hit the sofa I hold on tightly to the country.

"Caught you." I say resting my head on his shoulder.

"Took you a while." Britain responds.

"Hey." I mutter.

Britain just cheekily smiles and places my ushanka back on my head.

Britain then leans his head against mine with his eyes closed.

"You can't possibly be tired right now." I say.

"Oh no, I'm not. I'm just enjoying the moment." Britain responds.
"We get to do stuff like this now, right? Or am I taking it too fast?" Britain asks in a slightly worried tone.

"No, no, you probably could of done this anytime before and I would of been fine with it, panicked at first, but fine. Well, maybe

not when we first met, I probably would of smacked you."

"Really?" Britain says with a slight laugh.

"Maybe not though. I always thought you looked cu—handsome from the start."

Britain sighs.

"Just call me cute, Soviet."

"You're accepting it?" I ask.

"Well, you get a special pass." Britain answers.

"Ah, I see, the boyfriend pass?" I question Britain.

"Yeah, The boyfriend pass."

Have this while I think of more ideas for this story—
If it takes me longer to post something, it's probably because I'm sitting on my bed, staring at my phone screen, looking directly at the keyboard with my mind completely blank on what to actually write or how to even form words...

And for this chapter my brain was like:
W h o l e s o m e n e s s
And here we are
With, what I consider to be, a failed wholesomeness attempt because if I want something to be one way I pessimistically see it the other way...
hooray...

Anyways—

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1350

Chapter 22

Britain's POV

Me and Soviet spent some time talking soundly to each other on the couch. It was definitely an enjoyable moment. Just talking; listening to the other.

"And it is snowing again." Soviet said, looking out the big window in the living room.

I look at the window as well and sure enough, the snow is slowly falling. It snows so much here.

Looking outside... makes me think. We've been at this cabin for a while now—just the cabin. I do wonder what's happening back at my so called home. Whichever direction that is.

"What are you thinking?" Soviet asks me.

I turn to face him. He looks curiously towards me.

"What 'home' is like." I say, deliberately changing my tone on the word home to show I don't really see it that way.

Home is somewhere you are meant to feel happy and at comfort. That's not how I felt at 'home' it felt barren with ghostly memories of the past emitting from the pictures hanging loosely on the walls. I didn't much care for the house, like I didn't much care for myself. It was dusty, but at least I had friendship with the spiders. Only friends I had at that point. Heh, what loneliness does to a person.

Soviet frowns and looks out the window seemingly contemplating something.

"We can always go and see." Soviet said.

The thought of that makes me extremely anxious, but I also do want to maybe just see. I want to know how... certain people are. Just...

something.

"Don't be scared about. I'd be right there with you and there no pressure to go." Soviet says and holds my hand. "But I will need shopping every once in while." Soviet adds on.

I smile softly towards him. He's right, I shouldn't be scared. I can't let fear stop me from doing things, though that is easier said than done with the feeling always seeming to be so strong all the time.

"Why not do the shopping now then?" I say to Soviet.

"You sure?" Soviet asks.

"Mostly." I say unconvincingly.

"Ok then. Let's get the coats." Soviet says.

I thought we would just normally stand up and walk to the coat hanger by the door ourselves but Soviet picks me up bridal style as he stands.

"Soviet, what are you doing?" I ask him as he walks, gripping onto his shirt like other times.

"Unintentionally causing you to experience most likely embarrassing memories because I wanted carry you like this." Soviet says nonchalantly.

I will never quite understand how Soviet knows these big English words but occasionally forgets his connective words.

"Ah, well, that is exactly what is happening." I say, trying not to come off as too flustered.

I should get used to this way of carrying, but I probably never will.

Soviet puts me down on my feet as we reach the coat hanger and hands me the coat I've borrowed.

"Thanks..." I mutter as I take it and put it on.

I put on the boots Soviet had leant me for most of this time and stand while waiting for Soviet to get ready, subconsciously fiddling with my tie-bracelet. I must say, I do quite like my tie-bracelet, but it seems to give away when I'm nervous too easily due to my fiddling.

"One more time, you one hundred percent certain?" Soviet asks.

I nod my head, knowing my voice would let me down if I tried to speak.

"I can always go myself—"

"No." I interrupt Soviet quickly in a worried tone.
"I-I'm sorry... I just... please don't leave me..." I say quietly.

"It's okay," Soviet says reassuringly. "I'm not going leave you."

I nod my head slowly. I trust that Soviet won't but I definitely fear he will. I can't help the fear he will.

"We'll get going then?" Soviet says.

"Yeah." I say.

We both step out the door into the soft falling snow.

"It is always snowing here." I say, looking up at the white clouds.

"Well, we are getting closer to winter months. It becomes abominable then." Soviet says behind me as he locks the cabin door.

"What even is the date?" I ask Soviet as I realise I do not actually know the date.

"It's... oh... uhh..." Soviet trails off.

"You don't know, do you?" I turn and say to him.

"Nope." He says with a dumb smile.

I shake my head. It's at that point I realise Soviet holds my murdered top hat. He must of taken it off the coat hanger as we

were heading out.
Boy, do I feel guilty for the top hat.

"Why do you have that?" I ask Soviet.

"Oh, I thought there might be somewhere could be fixed." Soviet says, inspecting the quite ruined top hat.

I smile. I find it sweet Soviet wants to attempt to fix it but in the state it's in I might just have to buy a new one. To be honest, I didn't even do much to it so it was poor quality, but that's only because of how old it is. It was something my father made me wear. He said it made me look formal and I could impress the next lady he paired me with my gentlemen look.
What a bunch of gibber jabber nonsense.

"I'd definitely like to be able to wear it again... I think." I say. "It wasn't all too comfortable but I kind of just came accustom to it."

"I'm sure you would look good in it." Soviet says.

"Ahah, thanks... I guess." I say rather awkwardly.

"Let's get going." Soviet says.

"Yeah..." I mutter and fiddle with my tie-bracelet subconsciously again.

Soviet moves my hand away from my wrist and holds onto it comfortingly.

"Right here." He says reassuringly.

I nod my head with a small smile towards Soviet.

"You know the way?" I ask Soviet.

"I know of the nearest town... you live in city or big town?" Soviet asks.

"A big town, I suppose. It's not as fancy and as expensive looking as a city but the houses aren't exactly of cheap make either."

"I think I know where mean. You walked long way." Soviet says.

"Yeah... I wasn't really thinking about anything at that point in time..." I respond.

"I understand, but that's past now." Soviet says.

"Well, I don't quite want to ignore that event because it led to me meeting you." I say to Soviet.

"I'm glad I was going on one of sad walks that day too." Soviet says. "Speaking of walking, we should probably leave now otherwise it'll really late when we head back."

"Okay." I say in response.

Me and Soviet begin our walk.

God, I'm nervous.

Hey, hey, I'm a bit late with this chapter but it is here and I'll try to be faster with the next one but no promises. (School can just be a pain and I was focusing a lot more on one of my other books and that messed up my time management entirely—)

Hope this chapter was enjoyable enough—

Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1198

Chapter 23

Soviet was right about it being a long walk, but we talked to each other through it hand in hand. It was really sweet and definitely helped my nerves.
Though some sickness bands would be ideal right now...
A cup of tea too.

"Not far now, you see in distance, да?" Soviet says pointing with the hand which holds the top hat at the town.

The town I recognise very well.
It could be considered a "fancy town" I suppose but it's really just a competition of who has the most money—represented in the size and architecture of your house.
I used to be quite high up on that pointless competition, even first at one point. But then I started to just not care. It seemed like too much work. Why would I need to care for the outside of my house when I would spend all my time just wandering around the halls not even remembering anything I was so distant?

"Yeah." I mutter to Soviet as I think about these things.

There was a street with shops lining along either side. They were occasionally overpriced on selling. It was quite obvious when the stores would raise prices as well. I used to time it to get the most stuff at the cheapest time, much like everyone else. But then... well, y'know... not caring.

"This place always seemed be over-competitive." Said Soviet.

"Heh, yep." I agree.

"My eldest adopted would of fit in perfectly here," Soviet says. "He always was competitive. He might even live here actually... I can't quite remember." Soviet adds on in a mumble.

"I can't quite remember where my kids live either." I say. "Well... they never actually told me, but still."

"I guess we're on same page then." Soviet says.

"Yep. I guess we are."

We soon reach the town, going past the 'Welcome' sign almost every place has.

I pause as we go past it, staring around the place. It makes me feel a bit dizzy being back, it feels unnatural.

"You okay?" Soviet asks me with concern.

"U-uh, yeah." I say, coming out of my slight daydream.

"Don't be scared say if you want turn back." Said Soviet.

"No, no. It's, uh, fine I just need to grip onto my surroundings here." I say. "It's been awhile, y'know." I add on unconfidently.

"If say so." Soviet says with a frown. "Where are we heading first?" He asks.

Somewhere with the least amount of people possible.

"I think there's a shop or something where my hat could be fixed this way." I say and point in the direction.

Soviet nods and we both begin to walk further into the town, me leading the way.

I get nostalgic looking at the buildings. Sure, I was never gone for that long but I never exactly left my house unless it was fully needed so I'd barely been round the town for ages. It's like three different lives. Once when everything was normal, once when everything changed to the lowest moments of my life, and up to now.

(*Okay, I like searched where to fix top hats and all that, and google was just like 'nah' so most likely inaccurate and un-descriptive building*

coming right up.
I shall also call it a 'shop' with the quotations because I don't quite know how else to describe it.
God, if my English teacher read this—)

We reach the two story building. Even though it is a two story building, the 'shop' seems to only be limited to the first floor.

"This is it," I say. "This was the 'fancy shop' for the 'fancy' person I am." I joke.

"You're far from fancy from what I've seen." Soviet chuckles.

"Well you've seen a side of me not many other people have." I say to Soviet.

"Oh, and what makes me so special~?" Soviet teases.

"Stop asking for affection." I say embarrassed, especially with it being in a place like this.

"But I'm not asking." Soviet says.

He walks close and with his height, is just able to perfectly rest his chin on my head.

"I'm deliberately teasing you." He says.

"You're so tall." I mumble.

"And you're so short." Soviet says.

"I am not!" I quickly respond.

"My point still stands." Soviet says, very much enjoying this by the tone in his voice.

"Can we just go with average?" I ask.

Soviet seems to purposefully put on an act of being deep in thought. I can't see his face, I'm just guessing by his deliberate humming as if he was thinking.

"Sure." He finally says.

"Can we fix the hat now?"

"Sure." He says again.

He finally steps away from me and we both walk into the 'shop.'

The interior was a mix of greys, whites and blacks, all to a nice intricately designed pattern on the walls, with a soft grey carpet. There were posters and over things, representing what the 'shop' was offering. At the back of the room was a counter which had rooms leading further back into the building but the wall covered that back area up.
We walk up to the counter.

"Hiya, how can I h—oh, UK, it's been a long time since I've had the pleasure of you as one of my customers." The person standing at the counter says.

It felt weird to be called by UK again. I had adapted to Soviet just calling me Britain. I had kind of forgotten how almost everyone else refers to me by UK. I'm sure that would of confused Soviet too, though we did tell each other we both went by many names when we first met, I had forgotten about it until now.

"It has been a long time." I reply.

This person would be Daniel. He was one of a handful of humans that don't mind working in places mostly populated by countries. I can respect him for that. It can be strange for some humans to comprehend that an entire country stands in-front of them—or the embodiment of a country.

"I say, I don't think I've ever seen you dressed in normal attire such as that." The person says, staring at my outfit. "It suits you." They add on cheerfully.

"Thanks, I guess." I say awkwardly.

It feels weird to normally converse with someone after so long. I also suppose rumours never happened to reach this 'shop' for such a

cheery reaction to me appearing.

"Who's your friend?" Daniel asks, finally facing towards Soviet instead of me.

"I'm USSR." Soviet says.

Guess that's his go-by name.

"Nice to meet ya, I'm Daniel. I like your hat. It's uh... oh, what were they called again..." He says in thought while snapping his fingers.

"A ushanka?"

"That's the word!" He exclaims.

"Thanks. I like it myself." Soviet says, quite unsure what else to say.

Seems like we're both just so unused to talking in a conversation to anyone that isn't just us.

"I think we have some, if I could interest you?" Daniel says.

Though Daniel is a cheerful converser, he also is cheerful in getting money from customers. Probably why I was one of his favourite customers. At first it was just the money part but then we did pretty much become friends.
Heh... friends... Guess I kind of forgot about this place at the time where I though I had no friends. Except from the spiders of course. Cannot forget my good tiny buddies.

"No thanks. This one fine for me." Soviet says.

Daniel frowns but not for too long.

"That's okay, but the offer shall always be open." He says before turning to me. "I'll finish my sentence from before now. How can I help ya?"

"Remember the top hat?" I ask Daniel.

"Ah, yes, it was a lovely top hat." Daniel says.

"It kind maybe got messed up... a lot." I say.

"Oh." Daniel mutters. "Oh well, I would expect that to happen at some point, it was an old top hat. We were barely being able to keep it sparkly new-looking when you were still coming here." He adds on.

He seems to look from me to Soviet, resting his eyes on Soviets hand which holds the top hat.

"Let's take a look at it then." He says and reaches out his hand, asking Soviet for it.

Soviet hesitantly hands it to him. He looks quite intently at it, spinning it around in his hands making not too hopeful looking facial expressions as he does so.

"Yeah, sorry, I can't fix it. I can give ya a new one though. We got offers." Daniel says to me.

"Uh, that's okay for now. I might come back another day and get one." I say, knowing I don't actually have any money on me right now anyway and that's what Daniel wants.

Realising I'm not actually buying anything, Daniel shakes his head. Guess he was hoping for some profit out of a random visit from me.

"Are ya gonna want the top hat back?" He asks.

"Yeah, please." I say.

Daniel hands me the ruined hat.

"It was nice talking to ya. Good to know you're okay to. Don't think I didn't hear about you being missing for quite a while." Daniel says.

"Pardon?" I ask Daniel, not quite processing the words he said.

"Few countries walked in here and while I was fitting some stuff out overheard them talking about you missing." Daniel elaborates.

Was I really gone long enough for it to be said I'm missing? I would

of thought it would be a long time before anyone were to even notice I had left. Not to even mention the fact of their being concern from it.

"Oh... I Uh... I-I..." I stumble on my words.

"He came visit me and must of forgot to say to anyone he had left." Soviet says.

"Oh, that's not too bad then. You need to remember these things better though." Daniel says to me.

"Yeah, my mistake." I mutter.

"I suppose you'll be leaving now, see ya!" Daniel says with a wave.

"Bye." I say in reply before me and Soviet both walk back out of the 'shop.'

We walk way from the 'shop' windows before I stop on the path.

"Sorry we couldn't get hat fixed." Soviet says to me.

"That's fine Soviet, it was my fault it ended up like that anyway." I say to Soviet.

"Seems like countries did notice you were missing." Soviet says.

"I don't understand it..." I mutter.

Soviet steps forward and crouches down the little distance he needs to to be my height. He holds onto my hands.

"They care about you, Britain. It never seemed like it to you, but some others care about you." Soviet says to me. "You need see that, even if it is hard to."

I stare quietly at Soviet, thinking about his words.
Is that really true?

"Well, I think I... I think I need to see some countries then..." I say.

Soviet smiles before hugging me. I'm not slow to hug back.

Hey, hey, back again with another chapter.

Let's see, ah yes, my forsaken f o r g e t f u l n e s s has cursed me with forgetting to thank you guys for reads so much we now have 6K reads on the book, so thank you all a lot for that, this books getting reads quite fast, I must say.
So definitely, lots of thanks

Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1935

Chapter 24

I anxiously lead the way, holding onto Soviet's hand for comfort. I'm about to go somewhere I haven't been in a long time and I'm not looking forward to it.

"So you lived on the borders of town, slightly up hill." Soviet says as we walked.

"Yep..." I respond.

"Not bad place for house." Soviet says.

It's just small talk like that until we near the house and it begins to come into view.

My pace visibly slows down as I see the roof of it.

The house was considerably huge. A wealthy persons house. But it looks quite like it could be haunted from the lifeless state I left it in.

2 floors high, with a long width that led to empty hallways with rooms dotted about. Many rooms.

A garden that used to be floral and vibrant in colour and nature, now overgrown with dying plants meaning not many animals would be left. Apart from the crows. The crows were probably my second animal friend. Though, they would get annoying from time to time.

I had pets but I gave them to someone else, as I didn't have the energy to take care of them, and that fact just made me more sad, but it made me happier to know someone would look after them when I did give them away.

"Big house." Soviet says impressed, as he inspects it.

"Yes a big house." I say with a small smile at Soviets random words.

"...That's not my car." I add on as I spot the cars in the driveway.

There are two. One is mine—it definitely needs a car wash, though that is not too visible with its dark colour—and there is another that seems familiar but there seems to be a cloud of fog that blocks me from fully remembering.

"What you mean?" Soviet asks.

"I mean: that's not my car." I say in response.

"Ah, right..." Soviet mutters. "Well, who's is it?"

"I don't know... but it seems familiar." I say.

"Let's find out." Soviet says and begins walking to the house.

I'm hesitant in walking with him but I soon run and catch up to him, quickly grabbing his hand as I change my pace to match his.

With every step towards the house my heart beats faster. I feel lightheaded, actually. Like, I could pass out if I wasn't forcing myself not to.
Is this a normal thing when you get really nervous or am I just not healthy?

We reach the cars. Even though I have such a big house, it didn't have a garage, but I think that's due to the previous owner changing it into a different room. Like a game room, or something fancy and rich like that.

(*UK do kinda be flexing though—*)

I look into the unclaimed cars window as we walk by it.
(I don't do car brands—)
It's a decent, red car that isn't too expensive not too cheap, I would assume. The car seems to be kept clean. There's nothing left in it apart from some leaflets or something, left in the car door. Some tissues as well, but otherwise, nothing else unusual or of importance.

"Nice colour choice." Soviet says as he looks at the car with me.

"Red is your favourite colour?" I ask Soviet.

"Yes, if weren't too obvious." Soviet says.

"I'll remember that." I say to Soviet.

"What? Are you getting me present or something?" Soviet asks.

"You've already gotten me so much so, yeah, giving something back is what I want to do." I say to him.

He smiles sweetly.

"You don't need do that, though is very kind." He says.

"I feel obliged to. You're not stopping me." I say to him.

"Alright, I won't argue with that." Soviet says.

I smile at him before turning to the front door of my house in which an uncertain frown falls upon my face.

"We should go in the house now." I say.

"Want to hold my hand?" Soviet asks.

"Yes." I say almost immediately and grab his hand.

"Uh, I don't remember if I have keys, so we better hope the door is open." I say as we walk to the door.

I can't bring myself to reach out for the handle so it ends up being Soviet who grabs the door handle.

He pulls it down and the door opens.

Did I leave the door unlocked?
I probably did.
I mean, what's the point of locking your house door when you're running away and barely even care for it anyway?

"Seems you left open." Soviet says as he steps in the house, me following after.

As soon as we step in, I instantly freeze.

It's not just the bad feeling I get from the building every time I'm in it, it's something else I notice too.

"You okay?" Soviet asks me yet again.

"Someone's in the house..." I say quietly.

"Is that bad?" Soviet asks me.

"Depends on who is in the house." I answer.

I quickly walk through the halls, leading the way.
It takes all my confidence to do so and I'm pretty sure Soviets hand will be suffering from how hard I'm nervously squeezing it.

I'm following a light trail. Someone's in the house, right now. The heating has been turned on and, of course, lights are switched on. And I'm following these lights.

It leads to one of the larger rooms in the house. A living room.

As we reach the room, I slow my pace. I carefully walk up to the doorway, which the door of the room has been left open.

I just step into the room before once again freezing.

A country stands in the room and they turn towards me and Soviet as they heard as walking into the room.

We stare at each other. Not quite being able to pull words into a sentence.

All I'm able to do is mutter the word,

"Canada..."

I am back from camping—

And ye p, going with the cliché Countryhumans fandom family because my brain is e m p t y.

Hope this was interesting.
That is what I'm going for here—

Any who-
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1036

Chapter 25

Halò.

For your information,
I gave up on punctuation.

Enjoy

= =

"Dad!" Canada shouts before running up and embracing me.

The tears just seem automatic to us both in the situation.
I feel almost paralysed in the hug.

"I'm sorry I missed your calls, so sorry. I tried calling back but you would never answer and I got worried 'cause I knew you weren't feeling the best and I came here and I couldn't find you and I didn't know what to do and... and... I'm sorry, I should of been a better son."

That last sentence seems to snap me out of my shock.

"No." I say and tightly hug him back. "I should of been a better father. I just didn't want to commit after the divorce... but I wish I did, at the same time as I wish I didn't. I should of cared for all of you better... I should of cared for myself..."

"How about we just agree that we weren't taking care of each other as a family... as much as I hate to say that..." Canada says, and there is a slight pause.

I don't dare let go of him. I don't want to leave him, again. I don't want him to leave me, again.

"I was so scared... what happened?" Canada asked me.

"It's... a long and quite crazy story." I say with a small laugh.

I proceed to explain to Canada some of the events that took place in my... departure. Why I ran away; how I met Soviet; how I stayed at the cabin; how through time I gained confidence again; and eventually coming back to here.

Of course, I purposefully avoided the full story of spending time with Soviet. The parts where we were obviously crushing for each other—and the fact we're currently in a relationship. I'm just not ready to say that to him just yet.
And Soviet gets that too from my story.
I almost forget he's standing there quite awkwardly in the doorway.

"Sorry for all of it..." I say to finish it off.

"You don't need to apologise, it's all a bit crazy and we can work on apologises later. For now, I'm just happy you're okay... I thought... you were in a bad place... I just... I thought the worse..." Canada tears up before he can finish the sentence.

"No, no, no," I say and hug him even tighter. "I would never... I don't even have the courage to... I wouldn't quite forgive myself for it either. I just... wanted some relief... you know."

"Yeah... I know..." Canada says.

I'm not too sure if he was just saying that he knows as a lie to make me feel better about what I'm saying, but either way, it did make me feel better about what I'm saying.

Canada gives me one more big squeeze before letting go and quickly going and hugging Soviet.

Soviet seems a bit taken aback and I can tell he feels more awkward than he was.

"Thank you." Canada says.

"Uh, no problem." Soviet says.

Canada then let's go of him and he faces me yet again.

"I've been staying here for a while. I was hoping that maybe you

would come home because I just couldn't seem to find you, and I'm glad that you did come back." Canada says to me.

There are honestly so many thoughts dashing around in my head right now I can't pick them out to form sentences to speak.
So I just smile softly at Canada.

Canada just seems to get more tearful at my smile and I concernedly wonder why.

He seems to notice that concern and goes to explain.

"That's the first time I've seen you smile in ages..."

"Oh Canada I..." I mumble.
Was I really that bad?

"It's not a bad thing, it's a good thing. A *really* good thing." Canada says with a smile, though the tears still slowly fall down his face.

I walk up to him and I rub the tears away.

"You're gonna make me cry more." I say.

It's only this moment that's made me realise I didn't loose everyone in my life. It was just at the point I needed the one person I knew still cared, they weren't there; and so I instantly came to the scared conclusion that I was finally alone in my small world. I let everything get to me. Let every sharp word and/or action pop my bubble. I guess I really am childish. In the little world in which children have their existence, there is nothing so finely perceived as injustice. It may be only a small injustice; but the child is small and their world is small.
(*Those last two sentences were taken from Charles Dickens novel 'Great Expectations'—A dramatisation not the actual novel.*
I just really liked that part and so I ended up wanting to use it here, even though it seems like my grammar just went from a sudden 3/10 to 10/10).

"What a moment, huh?" Canada says with a small laugh. "Want to get some tea and catch up?"

"I would love that." I say to Canada.

We both go to head to the exit of the living room and as I walk by, Soviet pulls on my sleeve.

I look up to him and he gives me a look I read as him wanting to just talk for a second.

"You know where the kitchen is, right Canada?" I ask.

"Yeah, why?" Canada questions.

"You go on ahead, just want to discuss something with Soviet, but we'll catch up." I say.

"Alright." Canada says before turning and walking down the hall.

I turn to look back up to Soviet, waiting for him to speak.

"You made it sound like I had something super important to tell you." Soviet says.

"Don't you?" I ask.

"No, I just wanted to ask how that was for you." Soviet says with care.

"It was a typhoon of emotions and I didn't say everything I wanted to say but I feel a lot better." I say in honesty to Soviet.

Soviet turns to look the way in which Canada walked off and after seeing he's no longer in the hallway and fully out of sight, he turns back to me and pulls me into a hug.

"I'm proud of you." Soviet says. "I couldn't do that with my kids."

I hug Soviet back.

"Oh, I'm gonna make you do this with your kids, too. It's only fair." I say.

"You wouldn't do that... would you?" Soviet asks sounding generally concerned.

"Maaaybe." I say.

"Oh no..." Soviet says.

I just giggle and that makes Soviet smile.

"Let's go get that tea now." Soviet says, hoping to move onto another subject.

"Yes." I say happily, excited for tea.

I lead Soviet through the house to the kitchen. I still don't feel comfortable in this building but I just try my best to hide and ignore that for now, but I can tell Soviet is suspicious of how I feel and as far as I know, he probably knows I don't feel comfortable. Would explain why he's asking if I'm okay so much. I do appreciate it, though.

When we get to the kitchen Canada's already got the equipment ready for making the tea, and the kettle is boiling.

While making the tea, I ask Canada about his life. That's what good parents are supposed to do, right?
Or... is that just annoying for the kid?
I really don't know.

My father was... well... I have a confusing family, so I'm not quite sure if that's how a family *should* be.
Is there a correct way?
You know what, that's too many questions, I just can't be bothered with this subject anymore.

I was happy about what Canada told me. He's got an apartment and does in fact have a crush that he's going out with.
Had to do the father thing and congratulate my boy.
That is the father thing, right? Wait, I said no more of these questions...
And she is a—by his description—very pretty girl who is older than him, but age doesn't quite matter.
I'm really happy for him.

I'm sure Soviet still feels like an awkward guest, but Canada's the

kind of country that doesn't like to leave anyone out and so tries to include Soviet in conversation to his best abilities.
Must of got that from his mother cause apparently I didn't care to spend time with anyone in the family, especially her.
.....If Canada easily holds grudges, I definitely know it comes from me.

The tea is soon done and we all head back to the living room to sit.

It's lengthy catch up conversation from then on.
I think the most awkward parts is when Canada asks what me and Soviet did at the cabin because obviously he would like to know what I was doing when I went 'missing'.
It's hard to not blush while thinking about it—for both of us. It is also hard to describe it in ways of keeping it as seemingly just a friendship.

"Dad, there is one problem that I didn't really want to say because it ruins this situation entirely..." Canada says.

Everyone had finished their tea at this point and it was later on in the day. I think both me and Soviet lost track of time.

"What would that be?" I ask Canada a bit concerned.

"I've been staying here and, well... Maman likes to visit me here every night."

I have to admit, I feel quite paralysed again after that sentence. I don't quite know what to think or say or anything.

"Just her?" I ask quietly.

I can already guess what the answer is so I don't know why I'm asking. I guess I just have some little hope that hopes not, but that's about to be diminished.

"And... and her current boyfriend." Canada says.

I can tell by his tone he doesn't want to say these things and I think it's because he knows the effect it will most likely have on me.

I grip onto my trouser fabric at that. I just need to squeeze something. Squeeze the emotions out. The damn emotions. I don't want them. I don't want to feel them right now. When all they're bringing me is pain.

"When?" Is a question I would of asked but I can't piece words together properly and it's Soviet that asks it.

Canada isn't bothered by the change of speaker and answers the question quite hesitantly.

"Soon... I kinda, lost track of time and suddenly remembered at a bad time, heh, just my luck of memory. The point is, if you want you can leave but this cabin sounds far away so I think it would be best to stay here, though I understand if you don't want to. You don't have to speak to Maman or anything like that—"

"I want to..." I interrupt Canada.

Canada seems surprised at the interruption.

"I want to speak to her... I just don't know why, or how, for that matter of fact. I have things to say that I could probably only think of saying when I see her... because... I want her to see that I know now and that I'm... what I consider to be better." I say unsurely. "You've got to face your fears, y'know." I add on for good measure.

"That's true... are you sure, though?" Canada asks me concernedly.

"I'm sure." I say in an obvious unconfident tone.

"You want me to stay with you while you talk or is it something that needs to be done alone?" Canada asks.

"For the first half, I think it would be best for you to be there, but then the second half maybe just me and Soviet talking to her." As I say that I can see Canada raise an eyebrow when I say Soviet. "Because I'll probably stumble on my words when saying things and Soviet has been a witness to my running away stuff and so he'll be able to help with that if I mess up." I say in my most convincing voice I can possibly pull off at this point.

"Okay." Canada says unsurely but trying his best to be accepting.

I let out a small sigh.

"I'm really lucky to have you as my son, Canada."

Canada smiles.

"Well, I'm lucky to have you as my father."

Long chapter time, yayayay!
And now my anxiousness of making another long book which people are just going to be bored of is seeping in

So I'm probably going to publish this chapter and then eat chocolate to calm myself even though it's one in the morning and that will only stimulate me—
My sleep schedule is messed up enough already...

Anyway—
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2164

Chapter 26

A car pulled up in the driveway of the house. The gravel crunches under its tires and eventually the crunching was instead made by feet walking towards the front door.

One country is at the front door and another country waits in the parked car. The former mentioned rings the doorbell, they knock on the door also for added measure. It's not soon before it opens.

—

Britain's POV

Canada opens the door and steps outside the house, I presume it's to give his mother a hug. I don't see what they're doing, I'm standing to the side of the door out of sight.

I'm quite scared. That nervousness that gets so bad I could faint is back again. It's the presence of Soviet that makes me feel a bit better in this situation.

"Bonjour Maman." I hear Canada say.

"Bonjour Canada."

That voice makes me feel sick and I quite harshly force myself not to tear up.
I'm over her. There is no reason for tears.

"Please tell me you will go home this time."

I wonder what she means by that.

"No, I won't, sorry." Canada responds.

"It is useless staying here. I come every night to tell you to just leave but you don't. What is the point? If I know him, he ran away.

Let him have his wish, let him be alone, as he left me alone."

I clench my fists at those words. I know I didn't give her full attention but this just feels ridiculous now. That line is becoming cliché for her vocabulary whenever talking about me.
I'm sick of it.

"Come on Maman, that's not entirely true." Canada says.

"Agree to disagree." She hums in response.

"So you're not going home then?" She continues to ask.

"Nope."

"Pointless. I love you, son, and it's nice that you care for someone as horrible as him so much, but this is pointless. You're not making any progress."

Horrible... I'm... horrible?
I can't of been that bad?
I wasn't that bad.
I don't think...
Not this again...

"Actually, I've made huge progress. Especially today." Canada says in a more confident tone.

I can tell the words said before annoyed him by the way he delivered that.

"Oh really?" He gets as a disbelieving response.

There is a long pause and I take it as Canada wanting me to reveal myself and so I do.

I take in a big breath and bite my tongue as I step into the doorway, making myself visible.

There I see her. The quite manipulative women who after an arranged marriage flipped my world upside down and confused my brain entirely on what true love actually is.

The wonderful France.

(*This isn't meant to be offensive to anyone who lives in France, sorry if it comes off that way.*)

"Hello. You certainly have some kind words to say behind people's backs." I say as a greeting to her.

I'm freaking out entirely inside but I'm focusing on my breathing in a small attempt of keeping everything calm.

"I learned them from you." France says.

"You know for a fact I never said a venomous thing to you throughout marriage." I wish I could say that angrily but my confidence is betraying me and so I am forced to keep it at a normal tone.

"Oui, but before—"

"Just give up with it, because you know not even those words were as harsh as your attitude can be." I interrupt.

France closes her mouth following with a cold glare.

"Canada, you can head back inside, this isn't a nice situation for you and I don't want you to have to feel bad about this." I say to Canada and he just nods his head gently before heading back in the house and closing the door.

"Where'd you run off to them?" France asks.

"Far from here up northwards. I met someone and they were kind enough to let me stay in their cabin." I say to her.

"I'm surprised anyone would let you stay, you're terrible company. They must be quite stupid." France laughs.

"France, what did I already say about talking behind people's backs. You've got to be careful with it or develop a better attitude."

"What do you mean by that?"

Soviet isn't hesitant to step into France's view, standing behind me. The height comparison I can tell would be intimidating for her. Oh, and the muscles.

"I'm not stupid." He says quite coldly to France.

France opens and closes her mouth like a fish, unsure of what to say but soon just gives up.

"I also just... wanted to say that I know now." I say to France.

She looks confusedly towards me before coming to a face of realisation.

"I just still don't understand why you had to react the way you did." I say a bit more sadly.

"It was an arranged marriage. It wasn't out of love. I don't feel love for many people. I was raised to break men's hearts. It's not your fault, I was just raised to. You get it?"

"Yes... I get it." I say as a lie, not wanting to have to deal with a rant about it.

Well, I guess she fits a character in a book I once read very well. But even then, that character gave the man warning as to what he was getting into, alas he did not listen, thus the plot of the book. I, however, would of appreciated a warning.

"But quite frankly, I will never forgive you. Not until you're very old at *least*." I say truthfully.

I honestly didn't really like saying that. It seemed a bit harsh and that's something I try not to be, nowadays.

"I am fine with that." France says.

She looks up to Soviet then to me.

"So, you deux are together?" She questions.

I'm a bit too hesitant with answering.

Soviet places his hand on my shoulder comfortably.

"Yes. We are." He says. "Though, it is none of your business." He adds on.

"Well, he is my ex-husband so I don't see why it isn't."

"That is exactly the problem." I say annoyed.

France seems to get annoyed at my annoyance.
Although it seems like a stupid reason to get annoyed at someone.

"Well... good for you, UK." She says a lot softer. "But I'm done speaking for now. Au revoir." She adds on in the same irritated tone and turns before walking off to her car where her current boyfriend waits.

I don't say goodbye back to her.

I wonder if she'll eventually break up with the other lad, too. She said she was taught to do it after all. Yeah, I should nickname her Estella (the character from the book).
Actually, nicknames are meant to be fun or for bullying, and in this situation, it's not fun, and I don't want to be mean. Even if it feels a bit deserved.

"Let's go inside." Soviet says.

"Yeah." I say and grab onto his hand that still rests on my shoulder.

We walk back into the house and shut the door behind us.

I instantly hug Soviet with no warning.

"I think I forgot to breath at some point during that." I say, holding onto him.

He chuckles at that before hugging back.

"You did a good job." He says.

"Thanks, it was hard." I reply.

"You two seem like opposites." Soviet says.

"I guess we were." I respond, thinking about how accurate that actually is. "But it certainly wasn't a yin and yang situation." I add on.

"Yes, I could see that." Soviet says.

Soviet then moves my head so we're face-to-face and he leans down to put our foreheads against each other's.

"But I promise, *this* relationship will be very different." He says with care.

"I believe that, Snow Guy."

"I'm happy you do, Rain Guy."

Wow, another chapter.
I am speed.

Anyway
Stay safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1334

Chapter 27

I walk with Soviet through the halls.

I assume Canada headed back to the living room. I don't blame him. I feel really bad for him having to experience this. The situation he's in isn't right, I wish it was different.

Me and Soviet hold hands the entire way. I plan to tell Canada about us very soon. I don't quite know when but I'm sure I'll be able to say it at some point tonight, if not tomorrow.
I want to feel more confident in telling people things instead of hiding it. And Soviet doesn't seemed bothered by it at all.

We let go of each other's hands as we get to the living room and sure enough Canada's sitting on one of the sofas.

"Did it go alright?" He asks us.

"Yeah, better than I thought it would." I reply with a smile.

Canada smiles back.

I forgot how wonderful it is to see your child smile.

"What's the time now then?" I ask.

"Almost 9pm." Canada responds.

"We've got time, I think we should get a board-game out." I say.

"Yes, yes!" Canada exclaims.

That's the reaction I wanted to see.

"You can pick, Canada. They're in the cupboard of that old-looking bookshelf in the corner." I point to where the bookshelf is.

I'm surprised I even remembered that but it was seeing that bookshelf that reminded me I even had board-games.

Canada goes to search through it.
There's not many, but it could be considered a lot for the amount that we would actually play—which wasn't often.

"I haven't played a board-game in ages." Soviet says quietly to me.

"Neither have I." I replied.

We both just smile at each other.

"I like simple ones, so how about pick-up-sticks?" Canada says holding up the small box.

Is that a board-game? It might just be a game—not specifically a 'board-game'—but oh well.

"Sure." I say.

We just decide to sit on the carpet floor so Canada pours the sticks out onto the ground, mixing them together a bit more to make it harder.

We sit around the small pile and begin taking turns.

It was fun and I enjoyed it. There was the playing of the game and then the conversation and jokes, a fun mix. Canada ended up winning the most out of all three of us, he does like simple games like he said. We decided to change the game and it got to playing a lot which just led to a fun board-game night.
It was definitely the return back home I needed.

Eventually we all get tired and agree it's time to get some rest. Canada goes off to the room he had been staying in while waiting for me to come back. I lead Soviet to a room of his own, which is in fact, next to my room.

"Night, Britain." Soviet says as we have one last hug to end the night.

"Goodnight, Soviet." I say to him as he steps into his room and shuts the door.

I slowly walk to my room and open the door, it opening with a loud creek. I shut it behind me and I look over my room.

It's a mess.

There's random objects laying around the floor and sitting on the shelves. There's a pile of open and closed books on my bed; the bed itself being a mess of blankets and pillows. The desk in my room, smaller than the one in my office, has a few bits of paper I cannot remember the purpose of, sitting creased and crumpled.

I remember the reason for each messy state of the room. Objects lay about because I could not care for them enough to move them. The paper on the desk isn't in a fine state because I would be so stressed and confused I'd end up just getting angry and doing no work, or I'd completely forget about it. I seemed to be more forgetful the sadder I got. Books lay on the bed because they were for comfort. I don't have to focus on this world when I'm reading about and imagining another—one that is much more enjoyable and adventurous, too. The bed was a mess because I was cold and just had a bunch of blankets—and when really sad, I'd just curl up into them and... think.

I don't feel comfortable being in here. I walk over to my bed anyway. I just stare at it.

"There's no way I'm going to be able sleep with the room like this..." I say to myself.

So, I begin to make an attempt of cleaning it all up. I feel unmotivated to do it and it's more so me just forcing myself to do it to get somewhere decent. For that reason, it takes a long time to clean it all.

I make space on the shelves to put the books back in place. I move the objects to spots that they belong and if I can't remember where they go I just add them to a small pile I've made in the corner of the room.

I try to get the paper back to a non-crumpled state. This was probably one of the hardest things, because of what the papers were for. It was all work, and just looking at it made me feel that I just can't do any of it, anything for that matter. It just seemed like too much, but anyway, it took a long time.

I fold some of the blankets to place under my bed where they fit nicely, so the bed is just left with my duvet and one blanket.

Then I ponder about doing other cleaning-like things or stuff that's just distracted me—like the rubix cube I had, or the sudoko puzzle I never finished. Sometimes I'd be putting a book back and then get distracted by the blurb sounding interesting and then reading a few pages.

I only realised how sidetracked I had gotten when I heard birds singing.

"Oh, Just peachy..." I mutter as I speed-walk to the window, opening the curtain to peak out of.

Sure enough, the sun was *just* rising.

Is it even worth going to sleep at this point?

Soviet does usually lets me sleep in. I think he thinks I've got sleeping problems, well... right now is kind of a good example of that.
But I don't know how Canada is in the morning. Don't know or... can't remember.
Like everything else I just... can't remember.
Nows not the time to get all sad, Britain.
Oh well, might as well try sleeping.

Not bothering to put pyjamas on, I climb onto the bed and tuck myself in. I close my eyes and... wait. I just lay with my eyes closed for so long, I begin to get annoyed.
Is my body not tired, or what?

The problem doesn't last for long though (actually, it did last for a long time because Britain couldn't get to sleep for ages), as I hear

my bedroom door open. I proceed to just lay with my eyes closed, even though it seems pointless in this situation.

The country walks over to my bed.

"Britain..." They say.

I can identify the voice as Soviets.

I instantly turn over from my side to lay on my back where I look at him.

"I didn't sleep the entire night." I say, sounding more annoyed than tired.

Soviet shakes his head.

"Do you need to sleep in?" He asks.

"No... I've been trying to get to sleep but it's not working so I'll just get up and probably pass out at some point." I say as a joke before considering it for a bit. "Be prepared to catch me."

"I will." Soviet says with a smile and another small shake of his head..

The bedroom door then opens again. I sit up in the bed to see Canada—who else would it be?

His eyes dart between the two of us back and forth before he speaks.

"Morning." He says with a smile before it quickly falls.

Oh boy, he's about to go on about something.

"I just need to ask something... You two are always together. It's making me a bit suspicious or... some other way of describing it. Is there something going on, or what? My curiosity is pestering me."

Me and Soviet both look to each other before looking back to him.

"See," Canada says as he points to us both. "That stare you just had,

it proves you're both hiding something."

"It's awkward to explain." I say.

"Oh really... Come on dad, you know I'm probably the most responsible, I can take any information."

"This early—?" I'm cut off.

"Stop avoiding it." Canada says as if annoyed.

Canada's a sweet country, but can turn the opposite in seconds. Although he has patience, sometimes that patience is very thin.

I look to Soviet and he looks back.

"I'm fine with it." He says.

I smile awkwardly at him before turning back to Canada.
The sentence seemed to make Canada even more curious.

"You want to come over." I say to him and he nods his head before walking over to the bed and standing by it.

"How to put it..." I mutter as I think of what to say.

"When spending time alone with Soviet at the cabin, we grew close... very close." I begin to explain. "He was caring for me. I felt cared for for once—and I began caring a lot for him. He cared a lot for me too. The feelings lasted for a while, and they seemed to only grow. Then one night, we both confessed in a... unique kind of way."

Canada can't seem to really process the information.

"To put it simply, we're together." I said.

That was hard at the same time as easy. Hard because of the subject, easy because I trust Canada as my son.

"... That makes so much sense now." Canada says.

I smile at Canada's words.

Canada looks between as like he did at the door.

"I'm happy you've found someone, dad." Canada said as his eyes fell upon me. "By how close you two have seemed to be, I can tell you both really do care for each other, and... a-and that's really all I want." Canada continues as if it's really emotional.

And truthfully, for us, it really is. Having a broken relationship had a big effect on me, but also Canada. It's why I wished for better because I felt guilty by having to put him through that, but it's the fact I've moved on and am with someone that it gives hope of a new and better relationship.

"Don't make us have another crying fit." I say with a laugh, feeling quite emotional myself.

"Sorry, it's just... a lot." Canada says.

At that point I stand up and pull him into a hug. Canada gently hugs back.

"I understand." I say comfortingly. "The break up was a lot and this is quite the surprise."

"A happy surprise." Canada said.

"I'm glad you see it that way." I said.

I feel once again that Soviet stands awkwardly in the room.

"How about we get some nice breakfast?" I ask, coming out of the hug.

"Yeah." Canada says, putting on a small smile.

"You know, Soviet can make some really good pancakes." I say and look towards Soviet.

He gives me a certain look that I read as 'you're really not tired of them yet?...'

I'll never be tired of pancakes.

"Really?" Canada asks.

"Yeah," I turn back to Canada. "Wanna go try them?"

"Yeah!" Canada says happily.

—

Soviet smiles at that. He could see the same reaction in Canada as he saw in Britain.

Well, hello there.
I have brought you another chapter of horrible writing.

I might have a surprise check test in English tomorrow... help me.

Anyway...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2021

Chapter 28

It had been a few days and they weren't too eventful. Me and Soviet went back to the cabin—with the company of Canada who wanted to see it—to get some stuff we wanted to take back. We had both decided (more so Soviet just agreeing with what I decided, I'm grateful for him being so free-going with everything) to stay at my 'house' to...well... make it feel like my 'house' again. It needed a bit of re-modelling and cleaning—so that's what we did.

But there was something I didn't prepare for.
I didn't expect her to appear again, but I suppose I was wrong.

.....

The doorbell of the house rung. It was 3pm and I wasn't really expecting anyone to come—no one in the house was by the reaction of everyone.

We had just been sitting down and talking again, something we did quite a lot.

"I'll go see who that is." I say, standing up up from my seat.

"I come too?" Soviet asks.

"If you want." I respond.

Soviet stands up at that.

"We'll be back in a sec." I say to Canada to which he nods his head.

Me and Soviet walk to the front door. Once we arrive I open it and Soviet stands at his usual spot to the side.

He doesn't like to be seen, but also doesn't seem to like leaving me to do stuff like this alone—it's like a protective thing.

And out of all the chances of it just being a postal person at the wrong house, it had to be *her*.

"Hey, Br—...UK." France said.

Everyone referred to me as UK. Only people I am very close to call me Britain, and France is still trying to get out of the habit of saying Britain. I know I told Soviet my name was Britain when we first met but... I don't know, it kind of felt right. But anyway, every time France does say it: it's like a stab to the heart.

Oh, she also only says 'Bonjour' to people she supposedly likes.

"Hello... What are—" it's only at that point I actually see the other two countries there.

France takes my sudden silence as her time to speak.
"I thought you'd want to see them again. It's been a while."

Of course I wanted to see them. They're my sons.

"Dad!" The smaller of the two says and runs to hug me with no warning.

I don't know how to react at first, trying to process what is happening right now in present time. But I soon kneel down and hug onto the little country.

"Heya, kiwi." I say.

Kiwi was a nickname we gave New Zealand. Not because he loved the fruit, but because he loved the bird.

I'm forcing myself not to tear up. My emotions have controlled me for a long time now but I'm not letting them get to me right now, as much as I feel like I could cry.
Actually, saying that in my head kinda makes it sound unhealthy...

Kiwi comes out of the hug faster than I would of liked him to but I don't stop him.

I look up to my other son. He doesn't look impressed.

I stand up from where I knelt, my attention turning to him specifically.

"Hi, Australia." I say to him.

He seems hesitant in responding.

"You broke it." He says.

"Pardon?" I ask, not quite understanding.

"You broke your promise... you never visited." Australia says.

That about puts a crack in my heart.
I really was that bad, wasn't I?

"Australia... I'm sorry—"

"Sorry doesn't solve it... I really missed you."

I stare sadly at him but he doesn't look towards me at all.

"I really missed you too..." I say in a whisper, I don't think I could quite manage more. "... But I lost myself and... you know how long it can take to find something," I'm not quite sure where I'm going with this. "I suppose I can't do anything better other than say sorry, but... maybe... how about we just hug it out?"

Australia doesn't move and as I feel that crack begin to crack away more, he runs up and hugs me to which I instantly hug back.

"I forgive you... kinda." Australia says.

"I'll take that." I say with a small smile.

Australia comes out of the hug, yet again, quicker than I would of liked.

"Can we go see Canada?" Kiwi asks me quickly after that.

"Of course." I say. "Oh, be careful not get scared by USSR standing there." I add on.
I felt that if they were to run into the house they would run into

Soviet and it might surprise or scare them to see a complete stranger.

"Who's that?" Kiwi asks.

"A very, very good friend of dads." I say.

"Oh, okay!" Kiwi says before walking into the house.

"Hello Mr. USSR." Kiwi says as he runs past Soviet, Australia doing the same.

"Uh, hello." Soviet says to them both in reply as they run by.

I then turn back to France.

"I'm guessing A—"

"He didn't want to come, no." France cuts me off.

"Ah... right..."

That hurt me quite a lot.

"Does he even know that most of it was just... whatever it was?" I ask.

That probably didn't make sense without me explaining whatever it is *is*, but I can't seem to put words together correctly when I'm unfocused.

"No." France said.

"Oh... could you maybe tell him for me...?" I ask her.

She just looks at me for a bit as if it's a hard trivia question—which admittedly doesn't help to give me much hope.

"I will..." she says with a sigh.

"Thank you." I say.

"Don't mention it..."

There is a small silence.

"Do you think you could babysit them?" France asks.

"Absolutely." I say happily with the thought of spending more time with my other kids, but then I do become a bit curious, "why?"

"I have a meeting to attend. It's really the only reason I'm here, but the two wanted to tag along and I couldn't think of anywhere else to drop them off, and I knew you would accept."

"Ah, well you should best be going then." I say to her.

"Oui, Au revoir." She says before walking off to her car.

"Bye..." I mutter.

I don't bother to watch her drive off, just shutting the door of the house as I said that.

I stand there just holding onto the handle, staring down at it.

"You alright?" Soviet asks me.

I shake my head as if to wake up a bit. "That just happened, didn't it?"

"Yeah?..." Soviet says confused.

"Right... I feel pretty... out of it, y'know." I say to Soviet, looking up at him.

Soviet sighs. "You always seem to be pretty out of it from what I've seen of you."

"Really?" I question.

"Yeah." Soviet said. "Apart from when you're eating pancakes, talking about deer, trying to steal my hat, and maybe a few other things."

"Oh," I say, I already know what I'm going to do next. "Well maybe I'd feel better if I just..."

And with that action done, I have once again snatched the hat and am, once again, running.

I've got a big house, my kids will just be in one part so I can run around with plenty of space without them knowing.

"This is my house, you won't catch me this time!" I shout, looking back to Soviet with a smile.

"Challenge excepted!" Soviet shouts with a smile as well.

I, uh, may or may not of gotten distracted and slightly rushed this chapter in hopes of publishing something for you guys so take this. (Sorry for any mistakes because of that).

Don't worry though, I shall (I hope) be publishing a brand new story soon!
Soon...
Eh... maybe a little longer... I don't really know.

Anyhoo
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 1342

Chapter 29

Soviet's POV

I had to answer the door when France had arrived.
It had been a busy day, I suppose. Britain spending time with his sons. They are wild children, and I applaud Britain greatly, but he seemed to have had fun looking after them. It made me happy to see him happy.

But as I said, they are wild children, and it tired them all out, running around and nearly breaking things. Actually, they did break things. The kids seemed to be *trying* to break things on purpose. So, Britain searched through the house to find things he didn't want or weren't working, and took them outside for the kids to break.
Wild children.

They were all so tired, they went to watch a movie and fell asleep on the living room couch. Huddled together. It was sweet, really.

It made me think of my kids.
God, I feel so guilty.
I promised to take them in and take care of them in a new family then... just abandoned them...
It wasn't that I left them in a forest or that, it was that... I was continuing my life without paying attention to anyone else. Like, nothing anyone said I would hear; nothing anyone did I would see, but I did, I just didn't react to it.
And eventually, the kids left.
They were old enough to and I just did... nothing.
What I would give to say sorry to them.
To tell them I've moved on and have started a new with someone else.

France seems a bit confused to see me answer the door.

"You're still staying here?" She asks.

To me, that sounded like a pretty stupid question.

"Yes." I say, "I'm staying with boyfriend who needs the company."

"Needs? Do you not just see it as attention seeking?"

"You, ma'am, are definition of ignorant person." I say, annoyed at her words.

She continues to just stare at me, seemingly angered, but soon looks away to look inside the house, as if expecting for someone to be there or suddenly appear.

"They've fallen asleep." I say to her.

"Oh." She mutters, she appears to ponder something before continuing, "I don't want to wake them, they're a nightmare to put to sleep, do you think they could stay the night? I'll pick them up in the morning."

"That's a question which should really be asked Britain but—"

"Wow, so you two really are serious."

"Excuse me?"

"I thought it was some joke to make me feel jealous, it was the reason I was confused. But he would never allow you to call him Britain if you two weren't really close." France explains.

It's my turn to just stare at her.

Did she really think it was a joke?
Why would anyone think that?
That's so weird...
Is it a popular thing to do that and think that?
How long have I been living at my house with no knowledge of what modern trends would be like?
Modern trends?
Is that even right?
She's confused? I'm more confused than her.

"I'm choosing to ignore that. I think *Britain* would fine with kids staying night. It's nice for him to see his kids and... all." I say.

"Ah, yes, thanks." She says as if not even appearing like she heard the answer.

I suppose she is the type of person that doesn't accept anything until it's her way and only hears what she wants to hear.

"I'll be off then." said France.

She goes to turn around but I just want to ask her one quick thing.

"Hey, France!" I shout and she turns back around, seemingly annoyed though trying not to show it.

"Yes?" She asks impatiently.

"I was wondering if, well, I heard conversation with Britain, obviously, and—if right—there's another child, isn't there?" I ask.

"Yes, we have one more son." France says, nodding.

"Do think you could maybe get him visit, I think it would be good for Britain see them, or maybe at least tell him—*truthfully*—about what's happened?" I ask.

It might be a stretch for France but I'm hoping she has enough good in her heart for this.
(*Autocorrect done corrected that to 'food in her heart' and I'm a bit worried*)

If not, I've made up my mind about fully disliking her.

"Um," France mutters before pausing to think. She lets out a sigh before she continues, "Yeah, I'll try and see if I can talk to him, I can't promise he'll visit. It wasn't just the divorce that made him leave the house, him and his father have some bad history."

"Literally or more so metaphorically?" I ask.

France seems surprised for me to be talking with such large words. I

get this quite a lot when speaking to new people. But If you don't understand a big word you just use it randomly, some asshole will correct you, that's what we do.

"Both kinda. When they get on well, they get on *really* well. But they haven't gotten on well for a long, long time now." France said, and I can almost hear some sadness in her voice, although she quickly covers it up.
"So he might not visit, but I don't really know."

"I see." I said, "it would just be nice, but won't keep you any longer, bye." I say to her.

"Yeah, bye." She mutters and we both turn in the opposite direction. France walking to her car and me closing the door as I step into the house.

= =

Britain's POV

"Heya, Britain. You've got visitor."

I'm once again being woken up by Soviet.

"A visitor?" I ask, tiredly rubbing my eyes.

"Yep, didn't expect it be at this time but thought it would be important for you be awake." Soviet says.

"Who's visiting?" I ask him.

"Uh, it can stay surprise."

"Surprise?"
Soviets beginning to kind of confuse me.

"Where'd the kids go?" I ask Soviet now realising they're not in the room with us.

"France had arrived to pick them up since she wanted let them sleep, so they're all outside" Soviet said. "And visitor tagged along with her." He adds on.

"It's not her boyfriend, is it?" I ask in a really uninterested tone.

"No. I wouldn't wake you up for that." Soviet responds.

Thank heavens it's not.

"I suppose I'll see who it is then." I say and stand up.

I look at Soviet.

"Why do you have to be so tall?"

He smiles at that.

"Why do you have to be so short?" He responds.

"I'm average." I argue.

Soviet has the *audacity* to then *crouch down* to put his face right in front of mine and in a tone go,

"Uh-huh, really?"

"Oh, if I didn't love you." I say quite annoyed.

"What? You'd—"

"I'm going to stop you before you say whatever you're going to say because your ushanka is looking mighty fine for steeling, if you do." I cut off Soviet.

Soviet takes his ushanka off his head and places it on top of mine.

"What? Are you gonna squeak angrily at me in your cute little pipsqueak voice~?" Soviet continues what he was saying before.

I stare annoyedly at Soviet.

"Well, that hurt my feelings." I say.

"Wait, no, that's not what I was meaning to do, I'm sorry." Soviet panics and pulls me into a hug.

"Ha, that didn't hurt my feelings at all, Soviet." I say to reassure him.

"Wait, что?"

I look to Soviet, I didn't understand what he said.

"What?"

"What?"

"... Pardon?"

"No, что means what."

"Ohhhh," I say in understanding. "Yeah, I just lied because I knew you would react like this."

"That cuddle?" Soviet asks.

"No, this is a bonus." I reply.

"I think you should go see guest now." Soviet says.

"Yeah, we probably should." I say and we both pull out of the hug to go and see the guest.

I ponder on who it could be, but I can't really seem to come to a conclusion.

We soon get to the front door. Oh the joyous place of the front door.

The door is open as we walk up to it, and through the open door...

There I see... Someone I haven't spoken to in a very long time.

I freeze as I see him.

What is he doing here?
Why is he here?
Was it voluntarily? No, there's no way it was...

He spots me and we both hold silent eye contact, probably both with the same facial expression of not knowing what to do.

"Um... heya... son." I say slowly.

"Hey... well... uh, Dad."

This is probably the most awkward reunion.

He begins to walk up to me.

"Yeah, Uh, France told me about, well, about everything and... Canada, added onto that, and after hearing from them both, especially Canada, I..." he begins to start tearing up. "I didn't know that you were in that situation. I was so horrible and, I just, no one ever told me and... it's my fault 'cause I never even asked... I'm sorry... I was selfish to think you could just put someone through all you were put through without any consequences happening to that person. I'm sorry, I'm sorry—"

"Hey, hey, slow down," Britain cuts off his son gently. "There's no need to apologise. We've all made mistakes, we've all done things we wish we could take back—trust me; but don't dwell on those mistakes—keep moving forward and focus on the present, on the things important to you. And, America..." Britain lifts a hand up to rest on America's cheek, "You have no idea how important you are to me, son."

America begins to tear up more and I pull him in for a hug, he is a bit too distressed to instantly hug back but then slowly does.

I'm keeping myself from crying, it's using all of my strength.

Sometimes you don't want to forgive people for what they've done to you, but at the same time, forgiveness is needed if you want to finally have peace with that.
But, of course, forgiveness isn't needed for every situation cause if you take the last cookie from *my* cookie jar purposefully hidden in *my* room, I will *never* forgive you. Not even in the after life.

"You need a little breather?" I ask America.

"Yeah." He replies.

"Okay, this way, we'll just go down the hall a bit." I lead America.

I just felt like it would be easier to stomach if we're not being stared at by everyone.

"Well, even at this point I can see you've grown." I begin with a smile.

I want to cheer America up.

"That's a bit of a cliché thing to say." America responds.

Did he really just say that?

"I'm trying." I say.

"Yeah, I... well, I guess I've just got quite a sharp tongue."

"Indeed, you do." I confirm.

"Are you getting on better now?" America asks me.

"Yeah, I would say so. It's difficult when sleeping and sometimes I just feel really down with no way of really being able to feel something opposite. But having someone here with me has helped."

"Oh yeah, mom told me about how you and—"

"Wait, she actually told you?" I cut off America in surprise.

"No, she didn't, that was just a test, spill the tea, Dad." America says, quite happy with how that played out.

I frown at him.

"You always were a trickster." I say.

America smiles at my words.

There we go, I got him to smile.

"Truth is, I am in a new relationship." I say.
I'm not too sure if I'm as comfortable telling America about all of this.

"Really?! With who?!" America says as if excited and surprised.

"Not too sure if I'm ready to spill that much tea." I said.

"Awww." America whines disappointedly.

"It'll be easy for you to figure out anyway, just, try not to be so 'woah, I can't believe it, I need to shout this at the top of my lungs to everyone I know'—please."

"Yeah, I promise not to do that." America says.

I then continue to ask America the same stuff I did Canada. He's getting on as well as Canada, too. He's just not in a relationship, or he's not telling me the truth, but, come on, I told him, it's only fair he tells me.
I'm happy all my sons seem to be getting on so well.

After the catch up, however, America, Kiwi, Australia and France need to go. I say goodbye to them (more enthusiastically to my kids than my ex-wife but that's for a good reason).

The it's just me, Soviet and Canada again.

"That was sweet, Britain." Soviet says to me.

"I was hoping it was, I wanted to be a proper parent in that situation." I say.

"You were, now, I go make food." Soviet says.
He's definitely enjoying having a kitchen full of more ingredients and equipment than at the cabin.

"Great." I say happily.

We all begin to walk back inside the house. I let Soviet go in first do I can quickly stop Canada and ask something.

"Hey, Canada." I say and grab his attention.

"Yeah, Dad?"

"Do you know any of these countries?" I ask and pull out a list from my pocket.

Canada looks at the list.

"Yeah, I know them," Canada says and points to a certain name. "Why?"

"Good, I just was planning something,"

I finally finished my English essay and this chapter and now I just want peace for my soul, please...

I apologise that this is quite late.

Anyway...
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!

Word Count: 2293

Chapter 30

"Britain, where are we going?" Soviet asked me as we walked.

"It's a surprise." I say teasingly.

"I don't like surprises." Soviet comments.

"Nonsense, surprises are fun." I say, I then think about it for a bit and quickly add on, "depending on the context of the surprise."

"I'm sure it will be nice surprise if it's planned by you." Soviet says.

"Just you wait." I say happily.

I was planning to do something like this for a while, I did say I would do it after all. It took some time as I didn't have an idea on where to start—Soviet doesn't talk much about this certain subject, after all—but through dedication I found a way.
I'm just making this sound more cooler than it was.

"You have car, don't you?" Soviet randomly said.

"Yeah, but walking is nice." I respond.

"Да, walking is nice, but feel kind of impatient."

"See, you do want to know the surprise."

"Maybe." Soviet mutters.

What's so bad about admitting you want to know a surprise?
I think Soviet just likes to make a tough image of himself.

We continue to walk, making small talk—oh hey, I'm a poet and I didn't know it. Anyway, though the conversation is normal talk, I do have to say Soviet is quite flirtations—I can't tell if I like it or

not. Ehhhhh... I'll keep that one to myself.

"We're almost there!" I say cheerfully.

"We're about half mile away from town, and we're in forest... I'm little bit confused." Soviet says.

"Well, I'll tell you that we're going to a house to see someone." I say to Soviet.

"Whom would that be?" Soviet asks curiously.

"That's the surprise." I respond.

Soviet stares at me with a curious look.

"Just because you look at me curiously doesn't mean I'm going to tell you, we're super close anyway."

"Well, that last part was ambiguous but it works either way."

"What?" I question while looking at Soviet before having a moment of realisation. "Ohhh, yeah, we are super close, we're together after all." I say with a smile.

"We are." Soviet smiles back.

The conversation seems to end for a bit before our destination is finally visible.

"There's the house." I say, doing jazz hands in the direction of it.

Soviet chuckles at my action before saying,

"I don't recognise it, but is interesting."

He doesn't recognise it? I thought he would have some recognition of this house. Can he not remember or has he never seen it? Maybe I'll ask him later.

We both walk up to the door of the house.

"So, this might be a very big surprise, so... I don't really know what

I'm trying to say, but I said I would do this so—I'm doing it now." I say to Soviet.

He gives me a slightly confused look, but I just continue to knock on the door.

It's a bit awkward at first since nothing happens but I knock on it for a second time and hope that the door is answered.

If they're not home then I'm going to... Well, I don't know... probably just sit on the ground and wait because there's no way we walked all the way here for nothing.

Thankfully, the door opens a bit to reveal a country standing on the other side.

The country to open the door looks at me before their eyes trail to Soviet to which they widen. I can see from here that they tensed up at the sight of Soviet. They haven't seen each other in a long time and he is their farther after all.

"Папа?" They say in an almost questioning tone, probably due to disbelief.

"Россия..." Soviet mutters.

I have no idea what they're saying, and if they keep on speaking Russian it's going to be very awkward for me.
If it's even Russian, I'm just assuming because Soviet tends to say a few words in Russian from time to time.

(*The only translator I've got is Google Translate and I don't trust that traitorous translator, so Russia and Soviet shall be speaking in English. And any little bit of Russian they do speak, Is the little bit of Russian I know myself—so, my apologies if I get it wrong.*)

"There are many things need to say to you right now but I can't seem to get the words." said Soviet, "I guess I start with: I'm really sorry."

The country in the house lets the door fully open instead of just peaking out.

"I've waited so long for you to just speak to me or visit me. I thought by the time I get the courage to visit you, you would be gone for good." They say with quite an amount of emotion.

It's apparent at that point they are experiencing a lot of anger in this moment and that's a perfectly normal thing.

"I know... and that's why I'm sorry," said Soviet, "Really sorry... ah... I've come to realisation of it now, I know I'm, Uh... horrible."

This seems to drop the country's anger down a little a bit.

"You're not horrible... You just... Made a pretty bad decision and mistake. I understand that the passing took a big toll on you, but it was like I lost two dads in one day." The country responds.

I can sense Soviets sadness at those words, even I found them quite surprising. I suppose it really would feel like that for the kids.

"Should of done better to try... I regret not trying at all..." Soviet says. "But finally did try and I can say to you, Russia, I've managed move on, although it still makes me a bit upset." Soviet adds with a small and weak smile.

I can tell Soviet doesn't want to make himself look, well, weak I suppose. But at the same time, sadness is a normal emotion and you can't avoid it. Emotions are uncontrollable, and you can't choose how they make you feel. Even though that seems a bit inconvenient, it's all natural and you shouldn't have to hide anything from anyone and no one should try to control how you feel about anything—because it is a *natural* and *uncontrollable* thing.

"Then I'm proud of you for that, Papa." Russia says.

"Спасибо, Россия." Soviet says. "Ah, this is cheesy, but Can I give you hug?" He asks awkwardly.

"Yeah, you can." Russia says.

He walks up to his farther and the two embrace.

Aw, this is sweet. Awkward for me, but sweet for them.

They both eventually leave the hug.

"I'm gonna have to tell all the others." Russia says.

"Your siblings?" Soviet asks.

"Yep."

"Could I talk with them, too?" Soviet asks.

"Yeah, but it'll have to be over the phone because they're quite far away from here." Russia answers.

"I'm surprised didn't stay together. You were all very close."

"I'm kind of surprised by it, too. But we call and visit each other often."

"That's good." Soviet says with a smile.

"Also, can I ask who that is, not trying to be rude." Russia says and points to me.

"That's UK, and he's been great help for me." Soviet says.

I feel happy by that comment and me and Soviet both smile at each other—to which Russia looks between us, suspiciously analysing the reaction.

"You love him, don't you." Russia says to his father.

"Maybe." Soviet says to his son.

By the tone Soviet said that in I can tell he was most likely expecting his son to guess this instantly because it surprised me but he had little to no reaction of it.
So I decide to just be nonchalant about it too.

"Maybe?" I ask.

"Yes, maybe." Soviet says to me.

"If you're trying to act, you're doing a very bad job of it." Russia

says.

"Well, not exactly trying." Soviet says.

"Nope." I agree.

"Well, I'm glad for you anyway, Папа." said Russia, who didn't even seem to be that surprised by it.

I suppose he isn't interested in romance. Well, it's his father as well and that can just be a bit uncomfortable, I guess.

"How about we have conversation and catch up?" Soviet asks Russia.

"I'd like that." Russia says.

"Don't mind me, I'll just be standing in the background, I suppose." I say.

"You can join if you want." Soviet says.

"Nah, it's fine. You did it when I was catching up with Canada." I respond.

"Thanks, Britain." Soviet says.

"Even though I don't quite know why you're saying thank you—no problem." I say.

And with that Soviet and Russia begin to talk with each other about many things that you would talk to someone that you haven't seen in ages about.

I just listened and was happy to see the two getting along and re-bonding in their father and son relationship.

Eventually, the day went on and I was soon telling Soviet we should be heading home. He was obviously hesitant but he told Russia where we're currently staying so he can visit if he wishes and we can visit him.

Soviet and Russia finally say goodbye to each other, Russia mentioning that he would call his siblings and tell them to visit so they can see each other. Soviet seemed happy and nervous at that. And eventually me and Soviet begin the walk home.

We get far from Russia's house before Soviet asks me,

"Why did you do that?"

I look to him, a bit confused. I thought it was pretty simple as to why.

"Because when you convinced me to go back home and I saw my son, I realised how much I needed it. I knew you were going through something similar and I knew you needed to see at least one of your kids, too." I explain, "I also told you I would and I kept my word."

"You sure did." Soviet said. "Thanks for that." He adds on.

"Anything for you." I say.

Soviet smiles at that.

"It's nice see all them." He says.

"It is." I agree.

"It's nice to see *our* children." Soviet continues with that smile that falls upon his face when he knows what he's doing.

I stop and he stops as well.

I look up at him.

"You just had to specify the *our*, huh?" I say.

"It's true, is not?" Soviet questions with that smile of his.

"It is true." I say with a smile back.

And at that point, we hold each other's hands.
It just feels right with the setting—the sun setting. Sunsets are okay,

though it's weird, I haven't seen a whole lot of them in my lifetime and I don't know how to feel about them.

But I don't need to focus on the sunset right now. Soviet's enough for me.

Soviet leans down a bit so we're face-to-face.

From the first day we met, I've admired Soviet. With and without knowing. From his beautiful fiery orange eye, to his caring attitude —oh, and of course the muscles, I think I have to accept that at this point.

I think we were destined to fall in love the moment I met him—and of course: the moment I called him Snow Guy, when he comforted me from a nightmare, watched a deer close together, got drunk and was carried bridal style by him, carried bridal style by him many other times, had a snowball fight, waltzed forever together, almost kissed, slept together cause I was scared of a horror film, admire each other way too much to the point it was so obvious a three year old would of recognised it quicker than we did, at least those are some of the events that come to mind.

If I was to spend the rest of my life with someone: it would be him.

"I love you, Soviet."

"And I love you, Britain."

Yeah, the sun can set. Soviet is a much brighter light in my life.

And this shall be the official end, as far as I know. Unless people have

questions on what happens next or in the future but I don't know if my brain will be able to process that so if you do ask a question like that... it won't be the fastest response.

C u t e n e s s, now I shall write another ship book (different ship) because y e s , I'm going down that loophole now. Don't know if I will publish it—or at least it will be a while, I think, I don't know my future self's ideas and time schedule.

Also, thank you all a lot for 1 1 K reads, absolutely epic! (Haha ha , a joke that not many people are going to get right there—at least I think).

Anyway,
Stay Safe and...

Have A Nice Life!
(It's a threat this time)
Word Count: 21 66

~See You In My Next Book~